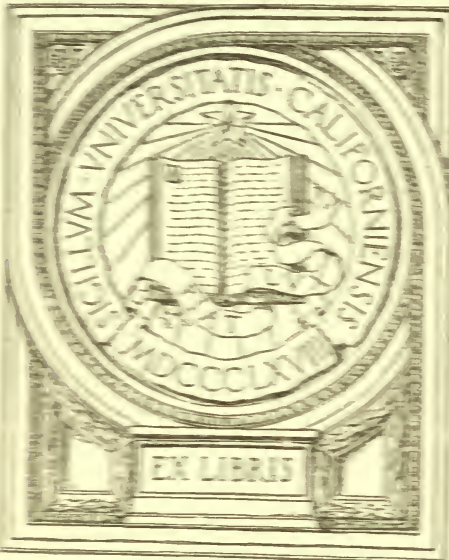


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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

AMERICAN POETS.

~~1945~~

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TO

MRS. HEMANS,

AS ONE WHOSE APPROBATION

THE AMERICAN POET WOULD MOST DESIRE

AS ONE WHO APPRECIATES TALENT IN EVERY COUNTRY

AND IN TESTIMONY

OF HIS OWN RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

THESE SPECIMENS

ARE INSCRIBED

BY THE EDITOR

NOV. 1834.



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Main

P R E F A C E.

THE character of the poetry of a country has always been justly regarded as indicative of its general moral and intellectual progress.

The Editor, therefore, conceives that, in presenting to the British public, specimens of the poetry of a country united to us by the ties of kindred and language, and possessing many interesting resemblances, though, of course, modified by the differences of habit and circumstance, he is furnishing what is not only, in itself, highly valuable for intrinsic merit, but also relatively useful as a criterion by which we may be, in a considerable degree, assisted in forming a correct estimate of the general character of its manners and institutions.

But, in order to produce this desirable effect, the writings of the American authors should be perused ;

and, before a judgment is formed of them, an impartial consideration should be given to their works. Let them not be estimated according to the biassed misrepresentation of employed political partizans, whose interest it has been to set them before us in an unfavourable light; or, of a weak and superficial woman, whose *mortified vanity* has led her to pour out the vial of her pert contumely upon “America and the Americans.”

It has been asserted that no American poet has, as yet, produced a continued poem, capable of arresting attention, and entitled to rank among the leading poetic efforts of other countries. This is, in some degree, true; but if we look into the peculiar circumstances of that country, we shall observe the true causes which have operated to produce this result.—We shall perceive, from examining the situation of the American people, that it is less attributable to a dearth of poetic talent, than to a combination of circumstances prejudicial to its development; and we shall perhaps conclude, from an inspection of the specimens here collected, that American intellect is not incapable of producing poetry of a very high order; and of adapting its energies to the successful prosecution of even the

most difficult enterprises of imaginative genius. We need not advert to their advancement in every branch of knowledge that can be rendered *profitable* by application to *practical* purposes—their success in the different professional departments, and their multitude of inventions and improvements in the mechanical arts; but, we maintain that, when called forth by the necessary excitements, competition, the prospect of distinction, and a suitable reward, their talents would prove (as in some brilliant instances they have proved) equally successful in every department of literature. But, amid the cares of gain, the noise, the bustle, the distractions, of agricultural, commercial, and political pursuits, which so universally, and, in some measure, necessarily, engage the undivided attention of the population of this new country,—and with boundless resources, which daily affords new fields for speculation, and new channels for every species of active enterprise, polite literature can scarcely be expected to be cultivated, except as a matter of taste or amusement.

We cannot therefore reasonably expect that, in such leisure moments as are snatched from constant and perhaps laborious occupations, and without a

sufficient incentive of either rivalry, fame, or emolument, the American poet should, in many cases, produce poems requiring long, continued, and all-engrossing mental exertion. But even under these circumstances, the Americans have exhibited considerable poetic talent, and—not to mention living authors.—Hopkins, Dwight, Barlow, Humphreys, Trumbull, Freneau, Sewell, Linn, Lathrop, Prentiss, Boyd, Clifton, Isaac Story, Allen Osborn, Spence and Brainard,* have produced some performances which would be an honor to the poetical literature of any country.

It is not the intention of the Editor of this work, in the confined limits allotted to an introductory preface, to enter on a history of American poetical

* — Brainard was far superior to Kirke White as a writer, and as a man was inferior to no one that ever breathed. He wrote under every disadvantage; and, as might be expected, the faults of his writings were many. At the same time, he had the stamina of poetry. Had he received encouragement sufficient to awaken his energies, his name would have lived for ever. He was wholly unconscious of his own strength, and threw off his best pieces without hesitation or premeditation. To this carelessness his literary faults must be attributed. In this, too, he is not alone among the American poets, most of whom, it seems, write as carelessly as Brainard, though by no means as well.—*Saunders's "Truth, a Gift for Scribblers."*—As one of the few truths in the satire this note is quoted.

literature, or to point out its distinguishing characteristics, and the many circumstances which variously affect the American and British poet. This would occupy a volume; and that the ignorance which prevails on this subject might be left without excuse, it should be undertaken. At the same time, he would express the hope that these specimens will not be uninteresting of the poetry of a country, where the elements of visible nature afford altogether a different local habitation for the poet's thoughts. The wide prairie with its "wild flock, that never needs a fold;" the "world of lakes," with its bright expanse of waters—the high roads of the future commerce of the world, where the navies of the earth might struggle for disputed possession, but where now

— Wild arrow limbs,

And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,

The savage urges on his skiff like wild bird on the wing—

the interminable wood, with its savage inmates and aboriginal population, where

— The forest hero, trained to wars,

Quivered, and plumed, and lithe, and tall,

And seamed with glorious scars,

Walks forth amid his reign to dare

The wolf, and grapple with the bear—

the legendary lore and romance of Indian life—

the savage exploits of Indian warfare—the characteristics of their different tribes—the fierce valour of the Peguods, the terror and scourge of the early colonists—the number and strength of the Moheicans, Pokanokets, and Narragansetts, and the mystic superstitions of the Iroquois. The tide again of emigration, rushing with all the indomitable force of human enterprise into the hitherto impregnable fastnesses of nature's wild domains, to haunts where stood the Indian hamlet—

“Look now abroad—another race has fill'd

These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd ;

The land is full of harvests and green meads ;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,

Shine disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters ; the full region leads

New colonies forth, that tow'rd the western seas,

Spread like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees”—

such themes as these, it is hoped, will be found more than an adequate exchange for the tamer beauties of a less luxuriant and various climate, and an over civilized and cultivated land. Moreover, the great modifying principles of human sentiment are not the same. The constitution of the American government, customs and whole polity—the man-

ners and individual views of attainment, and all that moulds social character and gives form to the commerce of life—those, too familiar to be dwelt on, must needs operate largely on the mind in all its varying occupations, and still most in poetry which so largely exhibits the features of the moral man.

Such poems have been generally chosen (with due regard to their real merit) as were thought most likely, by their descriptive power, to convey, through the medium of common associations, forcible and faithful impressions of the striking characteristics of the New World—the leading external features, and the internal operations of habits and institutions, on the moral character. In these selections will be felt and seen, the living spirit, the moving realities, and the striking natural features of America, more vitally preserved, and perceptibly true and characteristic, than in all the tours and sketches that have teemed from the press, on this topic, that at present engages so large a share of public attention; and that this praise is not the mere utterance of editorial partiality, will, it is trusted, be amply borne out by the contents of this work.

Of the individual merits of the writers from

whom the following selections have been made, the reader must be allowed to judge.* While any one of them will be found more or less to participate in the common advantages and disadvantages of a new country, and an infant literature, all, it is trusted, will be equally judged to be worthy of the praise of talent, of no inferior order; and the Editor would express the hope that the unprejudiced reader will not be slow to feel and admit, that this work has added to the sterling poetical literature of the English language.

* If the poet is to be estimated by the indications of an intense communion with nature, and a more full and true delineation of that which is beautiful, sublime, or characteristic, within the sphere of his own peculiar walk, we cannot hesitate to award the palm to the bold and successful pen of Bryant, whose poetry is thoroughly imbued with the character, coloring, and traditions of the great western world; neither is he less deserving of this preference, should he be estimated by grasp and fertility of imagination, or force, depth, and truth of moral sentiment. “*Divisum imperium cum Bryant Dana habet.*”

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SPECIMENS
OF
THE AMERICAN POETS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AFTER A TEMPEST.

The day had been a day of wind and storm ;—
The wind was laid, the storm was overpassed,
And, stooping from the zenith, bright and warm,
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.

The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird ;
For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers ; the cheerful rivulet sung
And gossiped, as he hastened ocean-ward ;
To the gray oak, the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And, chirping, from the ground the grasshopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves, that kept them dry,
Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air.
The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
The violent rain had pent them ; in the way
Strolled groups of damsels frolicsome and fair ;
The farmer swung the scythe or turned the hay,
And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the cell,
And precipice upspringing like a wall,
And glassy river, and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
And beauteous scene ; while far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens, the same soft, golden light

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents, and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony ;
When millions crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlabored captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers,
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits ; but not for aye can last
The storm ; and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past ;
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
And, like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

THE SKIES.

AY, gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful, boundless firmament !
That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,
And round the horizon bent,
With that bright vault and sapphire wall,
Dost overhang and circle all.

Far, far below thee, tall gray trees
 Arise, and piles built up of old,
And hills, whose ancient summits freeze
 In the fierce light and cold.
The eagle soars his utmost height ;
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

Thou hast thy frowns : with thee, on high,
 The storm has made his airy seat :
Beyond thy soft blue curtain lie
 His stores of hail and sleet :
Thence the consuming lightnings break ;
There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
 Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern :
Earth sends, from all her thousand isles,
 A song at their return ;
The glory that comes down from thee
Bathes in deep joy the land sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun is thine,
 The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
The clouds that round him change and shine,
 The airs that fan his way.
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast

The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,

May thy blue pillars rise :—

I only know how fair they stand
About my own beloved land.

And they are fair : a charm is theirs,

That earth—the proud, green earth—has not.
With all the hues, and forms, and airs,

That haunt her sweetest spot.

We gaze upon thy calm, pure sphere.
And read of heaven's eternal year.

Oh ! when, amid the throng of men,

The heart grows sick of hollow mirth.
How willingly we turn us, then,

Away from this cold earth,
And look into thy azure breast,
For seats of innocence and rest !

THANATOPSIS.*

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language. For his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,

* This much admired poem was first published in 1817, in the North American Review. The following verses were then prefixed to it :

“ Not that from life, and all its woes,
 The hand of death shall set me free ;
 Not that this head shall then repose,
 In the low vale, most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch time’s farthest brink,
 A kinder solace must attend ;
 It chills my very soul to think
 On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flattering verse may breathe
 Of ease from pain, and rest from strife ;
 There is a sacred dread of death,
 Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given,
 When angry *Justice* frowned severe ;
 And ’tis the eternal doom of Heaven,
 That man must view the grave with fear.”

Ed.

Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone ; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty ; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce ;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings ; yet—the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years—matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side.

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
Yet, stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

SUMMER WIND.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drank
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors; the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether,—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
O come, and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves

He hears me ? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chesnut, and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes !
Lo where the grassy meadow runs in waves !
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance ; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath ; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side, and the borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other ; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet ; and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

WHERE olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
There sat, beneath the pleasant shade, a damsel of Peru
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her snowy arm, and of her glossy hair,
And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'Tis a song of love and valor, in the noble Spanish tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was sung,
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away the foe.
Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,
And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride,
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight.
Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months are fled,
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the
north ;—

Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden ; the sharpest sight would
fail

To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale ;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,
And the silent hills, and forest tops, seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair, sad face is gone ;
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on,—
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low,—
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see, along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride,
See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his side ;
His spurs are in his horse's sides, his hand casts loose the rein
There's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon the
mane ;

He speeds toward that olive bower, along the shaded hill :
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean her ill

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of fear ;
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak :
“ I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee.”

MARCH.

THE stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies :
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah ! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee ;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat ;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou

That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow ;

Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,

Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round

Inhale thee in the fulness of delight ;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound

Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,

Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wild old wood from his majestic rest,

Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast ;

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep ;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more ;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf, and running stream.

LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie ;
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever-restless steps of one, who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year :
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved, and spread in verdure and in light ;

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains ; to behold
With deep affection, the pure, ample sky,
And clouds along the blue abysses rolled ;
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air ;
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird and sound of running stream,
Have come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun : thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen ;
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take
From thy fierce heats a deeper, glossier green ;
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind—most spiritual thing of all

The wide earth knows—when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,

He seems the breath of a celestial clime,—
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

AN INDIAN STORY.

I know where the timid fawn abides

In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

I know where the young May violet grows,

In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch tree throws
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook.

And that timid fawn starts not with fear

When I steal to her secret bower,
And that young May violet to me is dear,
And I visit the silent streamlet near,
To look on the lovely flower.

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks
To the hunting ground on the hills ;
'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and rocks,
With her bright black eyes and long black locks,
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes
Are at watch in the thicker shades ;
For she was lovely that smiled on his sighs,
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his prize,
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are stirr'd,
And the woods their song renew,
With the early carol of many a bird,
And the quicken'd tune of the streamlet heard
Where the hazels trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired maid,
Ere eve shall redden the sky,
A good red deer from the forest shade,
That bounds with the herd through grove and glade,
At her cabin door shall lie.

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay ;
And Maquon's sylvan labours are done,
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil they won
He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives
Strange traces along the ground—
At once, to the earth his burden he heaves,
He breaks through the veil of boughs and leaves,
And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that leant,
And all from the young shrubs there,
By struggling hands have the leaves been rent,
And there hangs on the sassafras broken and bent,
One tress of the well known hair.

But where is she who at this calm hour,
Ever watch'd his coming to see,
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower,
He calls—but he only hears on the flower
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,
Nor a time for tears to flow,
The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—
He grasps his war axe and bow, and a sheaf
Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,
Where he bore the maiden away ;
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
Than the blast that hurries the vapour and sleet
O'er the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride
Was stolen away from his door ;
But at length the maples in crimson are dyed,
And the grape is black on the cabin side,—
And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in a pine grove, dark and cold,
Where the yellow leaf falls not,
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls that pass that way,
Point out the ravisher's grave ;
“ And how soon to the bower she loved,” they say,
“ Returned the maid that was borne away
From Maquon the fond and the brave.”

THE WESTERN WORLD.

LATE, from this western shore, that morning chased
The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud

Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
Amid the forest ; and the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yell'd near.

And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay
Young group of grassy islands born of him,
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
The commerce of the world ;—with tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

Then, all his youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
Cool'd by the interminable wood, that frown'd
O'er mound and vale, where never summer ray
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
Through the grey giants of the sylvan wild ;
Yet many a shelter'd glade, with blossoms gay,
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spread its blue sheet that flash'd with many an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
And the deer drank—as the light gale flew o'er,

The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore ;
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there :

Not unavenged—the foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed, and when the midnight shade
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood ;
All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—
And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
The roofs went down ; but deep the silence grew,
When on the dewy woods the day-beam play'd ;
No more the cabin smokes rose wreath'd and blue,
And ever, by their lake, lay moor'd the light canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has fill'd
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd ;
The land is full of harvests and green meads ;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembower'd, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters ; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame, among the autumnal trees,

Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchain'd strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.

Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravell'd path of light
Into the depths of ages : we may trace,
Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles ; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states ;
She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but shake off the vampyre train
That batten on her blood, and break their net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds ; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children—thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessing shower'd on all—
These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies : who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell.

THE RIVULET.

THIS little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were drest,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay,
Then, glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me ; and I wrote on high
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet ;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear ;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun ;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks ;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue ;
As green, amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress ;
And the brown ground-bird in thy glen
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged ;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.

The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth ;
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shews freshly to my sobered eye
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould,
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date)
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook,
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream,
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call ;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou metst my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.

But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here ;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shall pass ;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

COME, take our boy, and we will go
Before our cabin door ;
The winds shall bring us, as they blow,
The murmurs of the shore ;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I will sing him, as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore :
I'll sing, in his delighted ear,
The island-lays thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shalt teach ;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech ;
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahité's beach,

Thou can'st to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet;
Ah ! well for me they won thy gaze,—
But thine were fairer yet !
I'm glad to see my infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
And when my sight is met
By his white brow and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come, talk of Europe's maids with me,
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
White foam and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee well ;
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls—
We lose the pleasant hours ;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls—
That seat among the flowers.
And I will learn of thee a prayer
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours—
The God who made for thee and me
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

THE HUNTER'S SERENADE.

THY bower is finished, fairest !

Fit bower for hunter's bride—

Where old woods overshadow

The green savannah's side.

I've wandered long and wandered far,

And never have I met,

In all this lovely western land,

A spot so lovely yet.

But I shall think it fairer

When thou art come to bless,

With thy sweet eyes and silver voice,

Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grape glistens

On sunny knoll and tree,

And stoops the slim papaya

With yellow fruit for thee.

For thee the duck, on glassy stream,

The prairie-fowl shall die,

My rifle for thy feast shall bring

The wild swan from the sky.

The forest's leaping panther,

Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,

Shall yield his spotted hide to be

A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers ;
Ah ! those that deck thy gardens
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To shew to human eyes.
In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long, the bee
Murmurs, and loads his yellow thighs,
For thee, my love, and me.

Or, wouldst thou gaze at tokens
Of ages long ago ?
Our old oaks stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe ;
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore ;
And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries
Cumber the forest floor ;
And in the great savannah
The solitary mound,
Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
The loneliness around

Come, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured,
Beneath the evening light.

Come, the young violets crowd my door
Thy earliest look to win,
And at my silent window-sill
The jessamine peeps in.
All day the red-breast warbles
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trills her song
All night, with none to hear.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

STRANGER, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness, the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport

In wantonness of spirit ; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment ; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

THE TWO GRAVES.

'Tis a bleak wild hill, but green and bright
In the summer warmth, and the mid-day light :
There's the hum of the bee and the chirp of the wren,
And the dash of the brook from the alder glen ;
There's a sound of a bell from the scattered flock,
And the shade of the beech lies cool on the rock,
And fresh from the west is the free wind's breath,—
There is nothing here that speaks of death.

Far yonder, where orchards and gardens lie,
And dwellings cluster, 'tis there men die.
They are born, they die, and are buried near,
Where the populous grave-yard lightens the bier ;
For strict and close are the ties that bind,
In death, the children of human kind ;
Yea, stricter and closer than those of life,—
'Tis a neighbourhood that knows no strife.
They are noiselessly gathered—friend and foe—
To the still and dark assemblies below :
Without a frown or a smile they meet,
Each pale and calm in his winding sheet ;
In that sullen home of peace and gloom,
Crowded, like guests in a banquet room.

Yet there are graves in this lonely spot,
Two humble graves,—but I meet them not.

I have seen them,—eighteen years are past,
Since I found their place in the brambles last,—
The place where, fifty winters ago,
An aged man in his locks of snow,
And an aged matron, withered with years,
Were solemnly laid,—but not with tears :
For none who sat by the light of their hearth,
Beheld their coffins covered with earth.
Their kindred were far, and their children dead,
When the funeral prayer was coldly said.

Two low green hillocks, two small gray stones,
Rose over the place that held their bones ;
But the grassy hillocks are levelled again,
And the keenest eye might search in vain,
'Mong briars, and ferns, and paths of sheep,
For the spot where the aged couple sleep.

Yet well might they lay, beneath the soil
Of this lonely spot, that man of toil,
And trench the strong hard mould with the spade,
Where never before a grave was made ;
For he hewed the dark old woods away,
And gave the virgin fields to the day,—
And the gourd and the bean, beside his door,
Bloomed where their flowers ne'er opened before ;
And the maize stood up, and the bearded rye
Bent low in the breath of an unknown sky.

'Tis said, that when life is ended here,
The spirit is borne to a distant sphere ;

That it visits its earthly home no more,
Nor looks on the haunts it loved before.
But why should the bodiless soul be sent
Far off, to a long, long banishment?
Talk not of the light and the living green !
It will pine for the dear familiar scene ;
It will yearn in that strange bright world, to behold
The rock and the stream it knew of old.

'Tis a cruel creed, believe it not !
Death to the good is a milder lot.
They are here—they are here—that harmless pair,
In the yellow sunshine and flowing air,
In the light cloud-shadows that slowly pass,
In the sounds that rise from the murmuring grass.
They sit where their humble cottage stood,
They walk by the waving edge of the wood,
And list to the long accustomed flow
Of the brook that wets the rocks below.
Patient, and peaceful, and passionless,
As seasons on seasons swiftly press,
They watch, and wait, and linger around,
'Till the day when their bodies shall leave the ground.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean,
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
O'er columbines, in purple drest,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

AN INDIAN AT THE BURYING-PLACE OF HIS
FATHERS.

It is the spot I came to seek,—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river side ;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide ;
The plains, that toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade ;
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours ;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest ;
And there, in the loose sand is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah ! little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth—

That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us,—ay, like April snow
In the warm noon we shrink away ;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind ;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind—
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood :
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more :
The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run ;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet.

GREEN RIVER.

WHEN breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green ;
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink :
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright
With coloured pebbles and sparkles of light—
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away ;
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone.
Oh ! loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild-bees' hum ;
The flowers of summer are fairest there.
And freshest the breath of the summer air ;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shun'st to glide,
Beautiful stream ! by the village side ;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen ;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely—save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides ;
Or the simpler comes with basket and brook,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look ;
Or haply some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur and fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light—
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings—
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee—
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart ;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks, in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream ;
For in thy lonely and lovely stream,
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower ! I love in forest bare
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streak'd with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But, 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

RICHARD H. DANA.

THE BUCCANEER.

THE island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently ;
How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell ;
The brook comes tinkling down its side ;
From out the trees the sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale ;
Flapp'd in the bay the pirate's sheet ;
Curses were on the gale ;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd men ;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear ;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear :
Each motion 's gentle : all is kindly done—
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

Twelve years are gone since Matthew Lee
Held in this isle unquestion'd sway,
A dark, low, brawny man was he—
His law—" It is my way."
Beneath his thickset brows a sharp light broke
From small gray eyes ; his laugh a triumph spoke.

Cruel of heart, and strong of arm,
Loud in his sport, and keen for spoil,
He little reck'd of good or harm,
Fierce both in mirth and toil ;
Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were ;
Speak mildly, when he would, or look in fear.

Amidst the uproar of the storm,
And by the lightning's sharp, red glare,
Were seen Lee's face and sturdy form ;
His axe glanced quick in air.

Whose corpse at morn is floating in the sedge ?

“ There's blood and hair, Matt, on thy axe's edge.”

“ Nay, ask him yonder ; let him tell,
I make the brute, not man, my mark.
Who walks these cliffs, needs heed him well !
Last night was fearful dark.

Think ye the lashing waves will spare or feel !

An ugly gash !—these rocks—they cut like steel.”

He wiped his axe ; and turning round,
Said with a cold and harden'd smile,
“ The hemp is saved—the man is drown'd,
Wilt let him float awhile,

Or give him christian burial on the strand ?

He'll find his fellows peaceful 'neath the sand.”

Lee's waste was greater than his gain.

“ I'll try the merchant's trade,” he thought.

“ The trouble's less to kill, than feign ;

Things sweeter robb'd than bought,

But, yet, to circumvent them at their arts !”

Mann'd, and his spoils and cargo—Lee departs.

'Tis fearful, on the broad-back'd waves,
To feel them shake, and hear them roar :—
Beneath, unsounded, dreadful caves—
Around, no cheerful shore.

Yet 'midst this solemn world what deeds are done !
The curse goes up, the deadly sea-fight 's won,—

And wanton talk and laughter heard,
Where speaks God's deep and awful voice.
Look on that lonely ocean bird !
Pray ye, when ye rejoice !

“ Leave prayers to priests,” cries Lee : “ I'm ruler here !
These fellows know full well whom they're to fear !”

The ship works hard ; the seas run high ;
Their white tops flashing through the night,
Give to the eager, straining eye,
A wild and shifting light.

“ Hard at the pumps !—The leak is gaining fast !—
Lighten the ship !—The devil rode that blast !”

Ocean has swallow'd for its food
Spoils thou didst gain in murderous glee ;
Matt, could its waters wash out blood,
It had been well for thee.

Crime fits for crime. And no repentant tear
Hast thou for sin ?—Then wait thine hour of fear.

The sea has like a plaything toss'd
That heavy hull the livelong night.
The man of sin—he is not lost :
Soft breaks the morning light.
Torn spars and sail,—her cargo in the deep—
The ship makes port with slow and labouring sweep.

Within a Spanish port she rides.
Angry and sour'd, Lee walks her deck.
“ Then peaceful trade a curse betides ?—
And thou, good ship, a wreck !
Ill luck in change !—Ho ! cheer ye up, my men !
Rigg'd, and at sea, we'll to old work again !”

A sound is in the Pyrenees !
Whirling and dark, comes roaring down
A tide, as of a thousand seas,
Sweeping both cowl and crown.
On field and vineyard thick and red it stood.
Spain's streets and palaces are full of blood ;—

And wrath and terror shake the land ;
The peaks shine clear in watchfire lights ;
Soon comes the tread of that stout band—
Bold Arthur and his knights.
Awake ye, Merlin ! Hear the shout from Spain !
The spell is broke !—Arthur is come again !—

Too late for thee, thou young, fair bride ;
The lips are cold, the brow is pale,
That thou didst kiss in love and pride.

He cannot hear thy wail,
Whom thou didst lull with fondly murmur'd sound—
His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

He fell for Spain—her Spain no more ;
For he was gone who made it dear ;
And she would seek some distant shore,
At rest from strife and fear,
And wait amidst her sorrows till the day,
His voice of love should call her thence away.

Lee feign'd him grieved, and bow'd him low.
'Twould joy his heart could he but aid
So good a lady in her wo,
He meekly, smoothly said.
With wealth and servants she is soon aboard,
And that white steed she rode beside her lord.

The sun goes down upon the sea ;
The shadows gather round her home.
“ How like a pall are ye to me !
My home how like a tomb !
O ! blow, ye flowers of Spain, above his head.—
Ye will not blow o'er me when I am dead.”

And now the stars are burning bright ;
Yet still she looks towards the shore
Beyond the waters black in night.

“ I ne’er shall see thee more !

Ye’re many, waves, yet lonely seems your flow,
And I’m alone—scarce know I where I go.”

Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea !
The wash of waters lulls thee now ;
His arm no more will pillow thee,
Thy hand upon his brow.

He is not near, to hush thee, or to save.
The ground is his—the sea must be thy grave.

The moon comes up—the night goes on.
Why in the shadow of the mast,
Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone ?
Thy pledge, man ; keep it fast !
Bethink thee of her youth and sorrows, Lee :
Helpless, alone—and, then, her trust in thee !

When told the hardships thou hadst borne,
Her words were to thee like a charm.
With uncheer’d grief her heart is worn.—
Thou wilt not do her harm !
He looks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
And growls an oath—“ It is too still to-night !

He sleeps ; but dreams of massy gold,
And heaps of pearl. He stretch'd his hands.
He hears a voice—" Ill man, withhold."
A pale one near him stands ;

Her breath comes deathly cold upon his cheek ;
Her touch is cold. He wakes with piercing shriek.

He wakes ; but no relentings wake
Within his angry restless soul.
" What, shall a dream Matt's purpose shake ?
The gold will make all whole.

Thy merchant's trade has nigh unmann'd thee, lad !
What, balk thy chance because a woman's sad ?"

He cannot look on her mild eye—
Her patient words his spirit quell.
Within that evil heart there lie
The hates and fears of hell.

His speech is short ; he wears a surly brow.
There's none will hear her shriek. What fear ye now ?

The workings of the soul ye fear ;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath ;
Ye fear the Unseen One, ever near,
Walking his ocean path.

From out the silent void there comes a cry—
" Vengeance is mine ! Lost man, thy doom is nigh !"

Nor dread of ever-during wo,
Nor the sea's awful solitude,
Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego.
Then, bloody hand—to blood !
The scud is driving wildly over head ;—
The stars burn dim ; the ocean moans its dead.

Moan for the living—moan our sins,—
The wrath of man, more fierce than thine.
Hark ! still thy waves !—The work begins—
He makes the deadly sign.
The crew glide down like shadows. Eye and hand
Speak fearful meanings through that silent band.

They're gone. The helmsman stands alone ;
And one leans idly o'er the bow.
Still as a tomb the ship keeps on ;
Nor sound nor stirring now.
Hush, hark ! as from the centre of the deep—
Shrieks—fiendish yells ! they stab them in their sleep.

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,
The panting, stifled prayer for life,
The dying's heaving sigh,
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fix'd, still glare,
And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there !

On pale, dead men, on burning cheek,
On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,
On hands that with the warm blood reek,
Shines the dim cabin lamp.

Lee look'd. "They sleep so sound," he, laughing said,
"They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid."

A crash ! They 've forced the door,—and then
One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream
Comes thrilling through the growl of men.
'Tis hers !—O God, redeem

From worse than death thy suffering, helpless child !
That dreadful cry again—sharp, sharp, and wild !

It ceased.—With speed o' th' lightning's flash,
A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,
Shoots by.—A leap—a quick, short splash !
'Tis gone !—There's nothing there !

The waves have swept away the bubbling tide.
Bright-crested waves, how proudly on ye ride !

She's sleeping in her silent cave,
Nor hears the stern, loud roar above,
Or strife of man on land or wave.
Young thing ! thy home of love

Thou soon hast reach'd !—Fair, unpolluted thing !
They harm'd thee not !—Was dying suffering ?

O, no !—To live when joy was dead ;
To go with one, lone, pining thought—
To mournful love thy being wed—
Feeling what death had wrought ;
To live the child of wo, yet shed no tear,
Bear kindness, and yet share no joy nor fear ;

To look on man, and deem it strange
That he on things of earth should brood,
When all its throng'd and busy range
To thee was solitude—

O, this was bitterness !—Death came and prest
Thy wearied lids, and brought thy sick heart rest.

Why look ye on each other so,
And speak no word ?—Ay, shake the head !
She 's gone where ye can never go.
What fear ye from the dead ?
They tell no tales ; and ye are all true men ;
But wash away that blood ; then, home again !—

'Tis on your souls ; it will not out !
Lee, why so lost ? 'Tis not like thee !
Come, where's thy revel, oath, and shout ?
—“ That pale one in the sea !—
I mind not blood.—But she—I cannot tell !
A spirit was 't ?—It flash'd like fires of hell !—

“ And when it pass’d there was no tread !
It leapt on deck.—Who heard the sound ?
I heard none !—Say—what was it fled ?—
Poor girl !—And is she drown’d ?—

Went down these depths ? How dark they look, and cold !
She ’s yonder ! stop her !—Now !—there !—hold, man, hold !”

They gazed upon his ghastly face.

“ What ails thee, Lee ; and why that glare ?”

—“ Look ! ha, ’tis gone, and not a trace !

No, no, she was not there !

Who of you said ye heard her when she fell ?

’Twas strange !—I’ll not be fool’d !—Will no one tell ?”

He paused. As soon the wildness past.

Then came the tingling flush of shame.

Remorse and fear are gone as fast.

“ The silly thing ’s to blame

To quit us so. ’Tis plain she loved us not ;

Or she’d have staid awhile, and shared my cot.”

And then the ribald laugh’d. The jest,

Though old and foul, loud laughter drew.

And words more foul came from the rest

Of that infernal crew.

Note, heaven, their blasphemy, their broken trust !

Lust panders murder—murder panders lust !

Now slowly up they bring the dead
From out that silent, dim-lit room.
No prayer at their quick burial said—
No friend to weep their doom.
The hungry waves have seized them one by one ;
And, swallowing in their prey, go roaring on.

Cries Lee, “ We must not be betray’d.
'Tis but to add another corse !
Strange words, 'tis said, an ass once bray’d.
I’ll never trust a horse !
We’ll throw him on the waves alive ! He’ll swim ;
For once a horse shall ride—we all ride him.”

Such sound to mortal ear ne’er came
As rang far o’er the waters wide.
It shook with fear the stoutest frame—
That horse is on the tide !
As the waves leave, or lift him up, his cry
Comes lower now—and now, 'tis near and high.

And through the swift wave’s yesty crown
His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light,
And fear seems wrath. He now sinks down,
Now heaves again to sight,
Then drifts away ; yet all that night they hear
Far off that dreadful cry.—But morn is near.

O, hadst thou known what deeds were done,
When thou wast shining far away,
Wouldst thou let fall, calm-coming sun,
Thy warm and silent ray?

The good are in their graves ; thou canst not cheer
Their dark, cold mansions. Sin alone is here.

“ The deed ’s complete ! The gold is ours !
There, wash away that bloody stain !
Pray who’d refuse what fortune showers ?
Now, lads, we’ll lot our gain.

Must fairly share, you know, what ’s fairly got !
A truly good night’s work ! Who ’ll say ’t was not ?”

There ’s song, and oath, and gaming deep—
Hot words, and laughter—mad carouse :
There ’s nought of prayer, and little sleep.
The devil keeps the house !

“ Lee cheats !” cried Jack.—Lee struck him to the heart.

“ That ’s foul !” one mutter’d.—“ Fool ! you take your part !—

“ The fewer heirs the richer, man !
Hold forth thy palm, and keep thy prate !
Our life, we read, is but a span.
What matters, soon or late ?

Death comes !”—On shore, and ask’d how many died ?

“ That sickness swept near half,” said Lee, and sigh’d.

Within our bay, one stormy night,
 The idle's men saw boats make for shore,
 With here and there a dancing light
 That flash'd on man and oar.

When hail'd, the rowing stopt, and all was dark.

"Ha! lantern work!—We 'll home!—They 're playing shark!"

Next day, at noon, towards the town,
 All stared and wonder'd much to see,
 Matt and his men come strolling down.
 The boys shout, "Here comes Lee!"

"Thy ship, good Lee?" "Not many leagues from shore
 Our ship by chance took fire."—They learnt no more.

He and his crew were flush of gold,
 "You did not lose your cargo, then?"
 —"Learn where all 's fairly bought and sold,
 Heaven prospers those true men.

Forsake your evil ways, as we forsook
 Our ways of sin, and honest courses took!

"Wouldst see my log-book? fairly writ,
 With pen of steel, and ink like blood!
 —How lightly doth the conscience sit!
 Learn, truth 's the only good."

And thus, with flout, and cold and impious jeer,
 He fled repentance, if he 'scaped not fear.

Remorse and fear he drowns in drink.

“ Come pass the bowl, my jolly crew !

It thickens the blood to mope and think.

—Here ’s merry days, though few !”

And then he quaffs.—So riot reigns within ;

So brawl and laughter shake that house of sin.

Matt lords it now throughout the isle.

His hand falls heavier than before.

All dread alike his frown or smile.

None come within his door,

Save those who dipp’d their hands in blood with him ;

Save those who laugh’d to see the white horse swim.

“ To night ’s our anniversary ;

And, mind me, lads, we’ll have it kept

With royal state and special glee !

Better with those who slept

Their sleep that night, had he be now, who slinks !

And health and wealth to him who bravely drinks !”

The words they spoke, we may not speak.

The tales they told, we may not tell.

Mere mortal man, forbear to seek

The secrets of that hell !

Their shouts grow loud. ’Tis near mid hour of night.

What means upon the water that red light.

Not bigger than a star it seems :
And, now, 'tis like the bloody moon :
And, now, it shoots in hairy streams
Its light !—'Twill reach us soon !
A ship ! and all on fire !—hull, yards and mast !
Her sheets are sheets of flame !—She 's nearing fast !

And now she rides, upright and still,
Shedding a wild and lurid light
Around the cove, on inland hill,
Waking the gloom of night.
All breathes of terror ! Men in dumb amaze
Gaze on each other 'neath the horrid blaze.

It scares the sea-birds from their nests.
They dart and wheel with deaf'ning screams ;
Now dark,—and now their wings and breasts
Flash back disastrous gleams.
O, sin, what hast thou done on this fair earth ?
The world, O man, is wailing o'er thy birth.

And what comes up above that wave,
So ghastly white ?—a spectral head !
A horse's head !—(May heaven save
Those looking on the dead,—
The waking dead !) There on the sea he stands—
The spectre-horse !—He moves ; he gains the sands !

Onward he speeds. His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold, blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The spectre-horse to-night !

His path is shining like a swift ship's wake ;
He gleams before Lee's door like day's gray break.

The revel now is high within ;
It breaks upon the midnight air.
They little think, 'midst mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there.

As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appal the living, stir the dead.

The spirit-steed sent up the neigh.
It seem'd the living trump of hell,
Sounding to call the damn'd away,
To join the host that fell.

It rang along the vaulted sky : the shore
Jarr'd hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

It rang in ears that knew the sound ;
And hot flushed cheeks are blanch'd with fear.
And why does Lee look wildly round ?
Thinks he the drown'd horse near ?

He drops his cup—his lips are stiff with fright.
Nay, sit thee down !—It is thy banquet night.

“ I cannot sit. I needs must go :

The spell is on my spirit now.

I go to dread—I go to wo !”

O, who so weak as thou,

Strong man !—His hoofs upon the door-stone, see,

The shadow stands !—His eyes are on thee, Lee !—

Thy hair pricks up !—“ O, I must bear

His damp, cold breath ! It chills my frame !

His eyes—their near and dreadful glare

Speak that I must not name !”

Thou ’rt mad to mount that horse !—“ A power within,

I must obey—cries, ‘ mount thee, man of sin ! ’ ”

He’s now astride the spectre’s back,

With rein of silk, and curb of gold.

’Tis fearful speed :—the rein is slack

Within his senseless hold :

Nor doth he touch the shade he strides—upborne

By an unseen power.—God help thee, man forlorn !

He goes with speed : he goes with dread !

And now they’re on the hanging steep !

And now ! the living and the dead,

They’ll make the horrid leap !

The horse stops short :—his feet are on the verge.

He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

And, nigh, the tall ship yet burns on,
With red, hot spars and crackling flame.
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone.
She burns, and yet's the same !

Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

Through that cold light the fearful man
Sits looking on the burning ship.
Thou ne'er again wilt curse and ban.
How fast he moves the lip !

And yet he does not speak, or make a sound !
What see you, Lee,—the bodies of the drown'd ?

“ I look, where mortal man may not—
Into the chambers of the deep.
I see the dead, long, long forgot—
I see them in their sleep.

A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,
Save he who leagues his soul with death and wo.”

Thou mild, sad mother—waning moon,
Thy last, low, melancholy ray
Shines toward him.—Quit him not so soon !
Mother, in mercy, stay !

Despair and death are with him ; and canst thou,
With that kind, earthward look, go leave him now ?

O, thou wast born for things of love ;
Making more lovely in thy shine
Whate'er thou look'st on. Hosts above,
In that soft light of thine,
Burn softer :—earth, in silvery veil, seems heaven.—
Thou'rt going down !—Thou'st left him unforgiven !

The far, low west is bright no more.
How still it is ! No sound is heard
At sea, or all along the shore,
But cry of passing bird.
Thou living thing,—and dar'st thou come so near
These wild and ghastly shapes of death and fear ?

Now long that thick, red light has shone
On stern, dark rocks, and deep, still bay,
On man and horse that seem of stone,
So motionless are they.
But now its lurid fire less fiercely burns :
The night is going—faint, gray dawn returns.

That spectre-steed now slowly pales ;
Now changes like the moonlit cloud.
That cold, thin light, now slowly fails,
Which wrapt them like a shroud.
Both ship and horse are fading into air.—
Lost, mazed, alone, see, Lee is standing there !

The morning air blows fresh on him ;
The waves dance gladly in his sight ;
The sea-birds call, and wheel, and skim —
O, blessed morning light !

He doth not hear that joyous call ; he sees
No beauty in the wave ; he feels no breeze.

For he's accurst from all that's good ;
He ne'er must know his healing power.
The sinner on his sins must brood ;
Must wait, alone, his hour.

Thou stranger to earth's beauty—human love,
There's here no rest for thee, no hope above !

The hot sun beats upon his head.
He stands beneath its broad, fierce blaze,
As stiff and cold as one that's dead :
A troubled, dreamy maze

Of some unearthly horror, all he knows—
Of some wild horror past, and coming woes.

The gull has found her place on shore ;
The sun 's gone down unto his rest ;
All 's still but ocean's weary roar—
There stands the man unblest.

But, see, he moves—he turns, as asking where
His mates !—Why looks he with that piteous stare ?

Go, get thee home, and end thy mirth !

Go, call the revellers again !

They've fled the isle ; and o'er the earth

Are wanderers, like Cain.

As he his door-stone past, the air blew chill.

The wine is on the board : Lee, take thy fill !

“ There's none to meet me, none to cheer :

The seats are empty—lights burnt out ;

And I alone, must sit me here :

Would I could hear their shout !”

Thou ne'er shalt hear it more—more taste thy wine !—

Silent thou sitt'st within the still moonshine.

Day came again ; and up he rose,

A weary man, from his lone board.

Nor merry feast, nor sweet repose

Did that long night afford.

No shadowy-coming night, to bring him rest—

No dawn, to chase the darkness of his breast !

He walks within the day's full glare

A darken'd man. Where'er he comes,

All shun him. Children peep and stare ;

Then, frightened, seek their homes.

Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran.

They point and say—“ There goes the evil man !”

He turns and curses in his wrath
Both man and child ; then hastes away
Shoreward, or takes some gloomy path ;
But there he cannot stay :

Terror and madness drive him back to men ;
His hate of man to solitude again.

Time passes on, and he grows bold—
His eye more fierce, his oaths more loud.
None dare from Lee the hand withhold ;
He rules and scoffs the crowd.

But still at heart there lies a secret fear ;
For now the year's dread round is drawing near.

He swears ; but he is sick at heart ;
He laughs ; but he turns deadly pale.
His restless eye and sudden start—
These tell the dreadful tale

That will be told : it needs no words from thee,
Thou self-sold slave to fear and misery.

Bond-slave of sin, see there—that light !
“ Ha ! take me—take me from its blaze ! ”
Nay, thou must ride the steed to-night !
But many weary days

And nights will shine and darken o'er thy head,
Ere thou wilt go with him to meet the dead.

Again the ship lights all the land ;
Again Lee strides the spectre-beast ;
Again upon the cliff they stand—
This once thou'lt be released !

Gone horse and ship ; but Lee's last hope is o'er ;
Nor laugh, nor scoff, nor rage, can help him more.

His spirit heard that spirit say,
“ Listen ! ”—I twice have come to thee.
Once more—and then a dreadful way !
And thou must go with me ! ”

Ay, cling to earth as sailor to the rock !
Sea-swept, suck'd down in the tremendous shock.

He goes !—So thou must loose thy hold,
And go with death ; nor breathe the balm
Of early air, nor light behold,
Nor sit thee in the calm

Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait their close.—
In life, or death, where look'st thou for repose ?

Who's yonder on that long, black ledge,
Which makes so far into the sea ?
See ! there he sits, and pulls the sedge—
Poor, idle Matthew Lee !

So weak and pale ? A year and little more,
And thou didst lord it bravely round t his shore.

And on the shingles now he sits,
And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands ;
Now walks the beach ; then stops by fits,
And scores the smooth, wet sands ;
Then tries each cliff, and cove, and jut, that bounds
The isle ; then home from many weary rounds.

They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day, the uneven strand ?
—" I wish, I wish that I might go !
But I would go by land ;
And there's no way that I can find—I've tried
All day and night !" —He look'd towards sea and sigh'd.

It brought the tear to many an eye,
That, once, his eye had made to quail.
" Lee, go with us ; our sloop rides nigh ;
Come ! help us hoist her sail."
He shook.—" You know the spirit-horse I ride !
He'll let me on the sea with none beside !"

He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
O ! 't is a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad spread wings
Flinging a glory round them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded deep.

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
And send the sparkling brine
Into the air ; then rush to mimic strife :—
Glad creatures of the sea ! How all seems life !—

But not to Lee. He sits alone ;
No fellowship nor joy for him.
Borne down by wo, he makes no moan,
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye.—O, how his worn thoughts crave—
Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

The rocks are dripping in the mist
That lies so heavy off the shore.
Scarce seen the running breakers ;—list
Their dull and smother'd roar !
Lee hearkens to their voice.—“ I hear, I hear
You call.—Not yet !—I know my time is near !”

And now the mist seems taking shape,
Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,—
Enormous thing !—There's no escape ;
'Tis close upon the coast.
Lee kneels, but cannot pray.—Why mock him so ?
The ship has clear'd the fog, Lee, see her go !

A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a plaining song.
Its tones come winding up those heights,
Telling of wo and wrong ;

And he must listen till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

O, it is sad that aught so mild
Should bind the soul with bands of fear ;
That strains to soothe a little child,
The man should dread to hear !

But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace—unstrung
The harmonious chords to which the angels sung.

In thick, dark nights he'd take his seat
High up the cliffs, and feel them shake,
As swung the sea with heavy beat
Below—and hear it break

With savage roar, then pause and gather strength,
And then, come tumbling in its swollen length.

But thou no more shalt haunt the beach,
Nor sit upon the tall cliff's crown,
Nor go the round of all that reach,
Nor feebly sit thee down,

Watching the swaying weeds :—another day,
And thou'lt have gone far hence that dreadful way.

To night the charmed number 's told.
"Twice have I come for thee," it said.
"Once more, and none shall thee behold.
Come ! live one, to the dead !"—
So hears his soul, and fears the coming night ;
Yet sick and weary of the soft, calm light.

Again he sits within that room ;
All day he leans at that still board ;
None to bring comfort to his gloom,
Or speak a friendly word.
Weaken'd with fear, lone, haunted by remorse,
Poor, shatter'd wretch, there waits he that pale horse.

Not long he'll wait.—Where now are gone
Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood
Beautiful, while the west sun shone,
And bathed them in his flood
Of airy glory ?—Sudden darkness fell ;
And down they sank, peak, tower, and citadel.

The darkness, like a dome of stone,
Ceils up the heavens.—'Tis hush as death—
All but the ocean's dull, low moan.
How hard Lee draws his breath !
He shudders as he feels the working Power.
Arouse thee, Lee ! up ! man thee for thine hour !—

'Tis close at hand : for there, once more,
The burning ship. Wide sheets of flame
And shafted fire she show'd before ;
Twice thus she hither came :—

But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
A wasting light ; then, settling, down she goes.

And where she sank, up slowly came
The Spectre-Horse from out the sea.
And there he stands ! His pale sides flame.
He'll meet thee shortly, Lee.

He treads the waters as a solid floor :
He's moving on. Lee waits him at the door.

They've met.—“ I know thou com'st for me,”
Lee's spirit to the spectre said—
“ I know that I must go with thee—
Take me not to the dead.

It was not I alone that did the deed !”
Dreadful the eye of that still, spectral steed !

Lee cannot turn. There is a force
In that fixed eye, which holds him fast.
How still they stand !—that man and horse.
—Thine hour is almost past.”

“ O, spare me,” cries the wretch, “ thou fearful one !”
—“ My time is full—I must not go alone.”

“ I’m weak and faint. O, let me stay !”

—“ Nay, murderer, rest nor stay for thee !”

The horse and man are on their way ;

He bears him to the sea.

Hark ! how the spectre breathes through this still night !

See, from his nostrils streams a deathly light !

He’s on the beach ; but stops not there,

He’s on the sea !—Lee, quit the horse !

Lee struggles hard.—’Tis mad despair !—

’Tis vain ! The spirit-corse

Holds him by fearful spell ;—he cannot leap.

Within that horrid light he rides the deep.

It lights the sea around their track—

The curling comb, and dark steel wave :

There, yet, sits Lee the spectre’s back—

Gone ! gone ! and none to save !

’They’re seen no more ; the night has shut them in.

May heaven have pity on thee, man of sin !

The earth has wash’d away its stain.

The seal’d-up sky is breaking forth,

Mustering its glorious hosts again

From the far south and north.

The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.

—O, whither on its waters rideth Lee ?

IMMORTALITY.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
But, self-inspired, rise upwards, searching out
The Eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited and lived?—
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,
Which One, with gentle hand the vail of flesh
Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
In glory?—throne, before which, even now,
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down,
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?—
Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen Presence—are they quenched.
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

And with our frames do perish all our loves?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech,

And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

O, listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
“Man, thou shalt never die!” Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears.
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

DAYBREAK.

“The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.”—

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Now, brighter than the host, that, all night long,
In fiery armor, up the heavens high
Stood watch, thou com'st to wait the morning's song.
Thou com'st to tell me day again is nigh.
Star of the dawning, cheerful is thine eye;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me as asking why
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in him.

“Canst thou grow sad,” thou say'st, “as earth grows bright?
And sigh, when little birds begin discourse
In quick, low voices, e'er the streaming light
Pours on their nests, as sprung from day's fresh source?
With creatures innocent thou must, perforce,
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure.”

I feel its calm. But there's a sombrous hue
Along that eastern cloud of deep, dull red ;
Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew ;
And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.
Still—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song—
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead—
The silent city emptied of its throng,
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth
Will quicken soon ; and hard, hot toil and strife,
With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth
With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
With thousand scattered beauties nature's rife ;
And airs, and woods, and streams, breathe harmonies :
Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife ;
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties :
He, feverish, blinded, lives, and, feverish, sated, dies.

And 'tis because man useth so amiss
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad ;
Else why should she, in such fresh hour as this,
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,
From her fair face ?—It is that man is mad !
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine,
When Nature grieves ; nor deem this heart is bad.
Thou look'st towards earth ; but yet the heavens are thine
While I to earth am bound :—When will the heavens be mine

If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things ; could Nature's features stern
Teach him be thoughtful ; then, with soul intense,
I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,
Remembering, humbly, why it is, and whence :
But when I see cold man of reason proud,
My solitude is sad—I'm lonely in the crowd.

But not for this alone, the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour :—fresh life is near,—
But all my joys !—they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy ; while I, forlorn,
And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye,
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm—my spirit's torn ;
Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high !—
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh.

And when I grieve, O, rather let it be
That I—whom Nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea—
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters, feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit ;—who, as mine own child,
Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur
A beauty see—that I this mother mild
Should leave, and go with Care, and passions fierce and wild

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth !—in crown of living fire
Up comes the Day !—as if they conscious quaffed
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire
Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain Desire !
The dusky lights have gone ; go thou thy way !
And pining Discontent, like them, expire !
Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day ;
And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray !

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice ?
Why with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly ?
O, rather, bird with me,
Through the fair land rejoice !

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea ;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail—
What does it bring to me ?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad ; as if, in strange accord
With motion, and with roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands thou, both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art ! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells,
A tale of mourning tells—
'Tells of man's wo and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light,
Where birds of summer sing.

THE CONSTANCY OF NATURE CONTRASTED WITH
THE CHANGES IN HUMAN LIFE.

How like eternity doth nature seem
To life of man—that short and fitful dream !
I look around me ;—no where can I trace
Lines of decay that mark our human race.

These are the murmuring waters, these the flowers
I mused o'er in my earlier, better hours.
Like sounds and scents of yesterday they come.
Long years have past since this was last my home !
And I am weak, and toil-worn is my frame ;
But all this vale shuts in is still the same :
'Tis I alone am changed ; they know me not :
I feel a stranger—or as one forgot.

The breeze that cooled my warm and youthful brow,
Breathes the same freshness on its wrinkles now.
The leaves that flung around me sun and shade,
While gazing idly on them, as they played,
Are holding yet their frolic in the air ;
The motion, joy, and beauty still are there—
But not for me !—I look upon the ground :
Myriads of happy faces throng me round,
Familiar to my eye ; yet heart and mind
In vain would now the old communion find.
Ye were as living, conscious beings, then,
With whom I talked—but I have talked with men !
With uncheered sorrow, with cold hearts I've met ;
Seen honest minds by hardened craft beset ;
Seen hope cast down, turn deathly pale its glow ;
Seen virtue rare, but more of virtue's show.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

CONSUMPTION.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
When all that was bright and fair, has fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O ! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose ;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light ;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through

The snow of her pale and tender cheek ;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,
Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast :
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power ;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,

And the whisper, that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose,
And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow ;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red and as transient too,
As the clouds, in autumn sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honor the sun at his golden set :
O ! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling.
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss ;
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to his mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires.

And her last fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

NIGHT WATCHING.

SHE sat beside her lover, and her hand
Rested upon his clay-cold forehead. Death
Was calmly stealing o'er him, and his life
Went out by silent flickerings, when his eye
Woke up from its dim lethargy, and cast
Bright looks of fondness on her. He was weak,
Too weak to utter all his heart. His eye
Was now his only language, and it spake
How much he felt her kindness, and the love
That sat, when all had fled, beside him. Night
Was far upon its watches, and the voice
Of nature had no sound. The pure blue sky
Was fair and lovely, and the many stars
Look'd down in tranquil beauty on an earth
That smiled in sweetest summer. She look'd out
Through the raised window, and the sheeted bay
Lay in a quiet sleep below, and shone
With the pale beam of midnight—air was still,
And the white sail, that o'er the distant stream
Moved with so slow a pace, it seem'd at rest,

Fix'd in the glassy water, and with care
Shunn'd the dark den of pestilence, and stole
Fearfully from the tainted gale that breathed
Softly along the crisping wave—that sail
Hung loosely on its yard, and as it flapp'd,
Caught moving undulations from the light,
That silently came down, and gave the hills,
And spires, and walls, and roofs, a tint so pale,
Death seem'd on all the landscape—but so still,
Who would have thought that anything but peace
And beauty had a dwelling there ! The world
Had gone, and life was not within those walls,
Only a few, who linger'd faintly on
Waiting the moment of departure ; or
Sat tending at their pillows, with a love
So strong it master'd fear—and they were few,
And she was one—and in a lonely house,
Far from all sight and sound of living thing,
She watched the couch of him she loved, and drew
Contagion from the lips that were to her
Still beautiful as roses, though so pale
They seem'd like a thin snow-curl. All was still,
And even so deeply hush'd, the low, faint breath
That trembling gasp'd away, came through the night
As a loud sound of awe. She pass'd her hand
Over those quivering lips, that ever grew
Paler and colder, as the only sign
To tell her life still linger'd—it went out !
And her heart sank within her, when the last
Weak sigh of life was over, and the room
Seem'd like a vaulted sepulchre, so lone

She dared not look around : and the light wind,
That play'd among the leaves and flowers that grew
Still freshly at her window, and waved back
The curtain with a rustling sound, to her,
In her intense abstraction, seem'd the voice
Of a departed spirit. Then she heard,
At least in fancy heard, a whisper breathe
Close at her ear, and tell her all was done,
And her fond loves were ended. She had watch'd
Until her love grew manly, and she check'd
The tears that came to flow, and nerved her heart
To the last solemn duty. With a hand
That trembled not, she closed the fallen lid,
And press'd the lips, and gave them one long kiss—
Then decently spread over all a shroud ;
And sitting with a look of lingering love
Intense in tearless passion, rosé at length,
And pressing both her hands upon her brow,
Gave loose to all her gushing grief in showers,
Which, as a fountain seal'd till it had swell'd
To its last fulness, now gave way and flow'd
In a deep stream of sorrow. She grew calm,
And parting back the curtains, look'd abroad
Upon the moonlight loveliness, all sunk
In one unbroken silence, save the moan
From the lone room of death, or the dull sound
Of the slow-moving hearse. The homes of men
Were now all desolate, and darkness there,
And solitude and silence took their seat
In the deserted streets, as if the wing
Of a destroying angel had gone by,

And blasted all existence, and had changed
The gay, the busy, and the crowded mart ;
To one cold, speechless city of the dead.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow ;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air :
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter :
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea :

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the waves his own ;
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;
Then far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet, and gold fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

TO SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake !
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream !
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake !
O ! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

SPRING.

AGAIN the infant flowers of Spring
Call thee to sport on thy rainbow wing—
Spirit of Beauty ! the air is bright
With the boundless flow of thy mellow light ;
The woods are ready to bud and bloom,
And are weaving for Summer their quiet gloom ;
The turfed brook reflects, as it flows,
The tips of the half-unopen'd rose,
And the early bird, as he carols free,
Sings to his little love, and thee.

See how the clouds, as they fleetly pass,
Throw their shadowy veil on the darkening grass ;
And the pattering showers and stealing dews,
With their starry gems and skyey hues,
From the oozy meadow, that drinks the tide,
To the shelter'd vale on the mountain side,
Wake to a new and fresher birth
The tenderest tribes of teeming earth,
And scatter with light and dallying play
Their earliest flowers on the zephyr's way.

He comes from the mountain's piny steep,
For the long boughs bend with a silent sweep,
And his rapid steps have hurried o'er
The grassy hills to the pebbly shore ;
And now, on the breast of the lonely lake,
The waves in silvery glances break,
Like a short and quickly rolling sea,
When the gale first feels its liberty,
And the flakes of foam, like coursers, run,
Rejoicing beneath the vertical sun.

He has cross'd the lake, and the forest heaves,
To the sway of his wings, its billowy leaves,
And the downy tufts of the meadow fly
In snowy clouds, as he passes by,
And softly beneath his noiseless tread
The odorous spring-grass bends its head ;

And now he reaches the woven bower,
Where he meets his own beloved flower,
And gladly his wearied limbs repose,
In the shade of the newly-opening rose.

CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION TO THE POOR.

THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken ;
She is a widow ; she is old and poor ;
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er ;
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure, begs no more
Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Sceptics, would you pour
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night.

She lives in her affections ; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children ; all
Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save
Her treasured jewels ; though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high to fall
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings, cannot pall
Her unperturbed palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave,
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore
Of matted grass and flowers,—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bowed, before her Maker ; then no more
She muses on the griefs of former days ;
Her full heart melts, and flows in Heaven's dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her : Death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow ; all its gloom
Is scattered. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here ! and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee :
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

•

TO THE EAGLE.

From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1827.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven ;
Thy throne is on the mountain top ;
Thy fields, the boundless air ;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze :
The midway sun is clear and bright ;
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow, spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind ;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid ;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread ;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave ;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight ?
“ O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave ;
I caught afar the wandering crew ;
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the désolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong ;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song ;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory.”

THE GRAVE OF THE INDIAN CHIEF.

THEY laid the corse of the wild and brave
On the sweet, fresh earth of the new-day grave,
On the gentle hill, where wild weeds waved,
And flowers and grass were flourishing.

They laid within the peaceful bed,
Close by the Indian chieftain's head,
His bow and arrows ; and they said
That he had found new hunting grounds,

Where bounteous Nature only tills
The willing soil ; and o'er whose hills,
And down beside the shady rills,
The hero roams eternally.

And these fair isles to the westward lie,
Beneath a golden sun-set sky,
Where youth and beauty never die,
And song and dance move endlessly.

They told of the feats of his dog and gun,
They told of the deeds his arm had done,
They sung of battles lost and won,
And so they paid his eulogy.

And o'er his arms, and o'er his bones,
They raised a simple pile of stones ;
Which, hallowed by their tears and moans,
Was all the Indian's monument.

And since the chieftain here has slept,
Full many a winter's winds have swept,
And many an age has softly crept
Over his humble sepulchre.

ESCAPE FROM WINTER.

O, HAD I the wings of a swallow, I'd fly
Where the roses are blossoming all the year long ;
Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,
And the bills of the warblers are ever in song ;
O, then I would fly from the cold and the snow,
And hie to the land of the orange and vine,
And carol the winter away in the glow
That rolls o'er the evergreen bowers of the line.

Indeed, I should gloomily steal o'er the deep,
Like the storm-loving petrel, that skims there alone ;
I would take me a dear little marten to keep
A sociable flight to the tropical zone ;
How cheerily, wing by wing, over the sea,
We would fly from the dark clouds of winter away !
And for ever our song and our twitter should be,
"To the land where the year is eternally gay."

We would nestle awhile in the jessamine bowers,
And take up our lodge in the crown of the palm,
And live, like the bee, on its fruit and its flowers,
That always are flowing with honey and balm ;
And there we would stay, till the winter is o'er,
And April is chequered with sunshine and rain—
O, then we would fly from that far-distant shore,
Over island and wave, to our country again.

How light we would skim, where the billows are rolled
Through clusters that bend with the cane and the lime,
And break on the beeches in surges of gold,
When morning comes forth in her loveliest prime !
We would touch for a while, as we traversed the ocean,
At the islands that echoed to Waller and Moore,
And winnow our wings, with an easier motion,
Through the breath of the cedar, that blows from the shore.

And when we had rested our wings, and had fed
On the sweetness that comes from the juniper groves,
By the spirit of home and of infancy led,
We would hurry again to the land of our loves ;
And when from the breast of the ocean would spring,
Far off in the distance, that dear native shore,
In the joy of our hearts we would cheerily sing,
“ No land is so lovely, when winter is o’er.”

THE LILY.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot,
Where a lily was blooming fair ;
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit, that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love, was there.

I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill :
It smiled, like a star in a misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day :—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by,
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There is many a sweet and blooming maid
Who will soon as dimly die.

THE GREEK EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Now launch the boat upon the wave—
The wind is blowing off the shore—
I will not live, a cowering slave,
In these polluted islands more.
Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
There is a better home for me.

The wind is blowing off the shore,
And out to sea the streamers fly—
My music is the dashing roar,
My canopy the stainless sky—
It bends above so fair a blue,
That heaven seems opening to my view.

I will not live a cowering slave,
Though all the charms of life may shine
Around me, and the land, the wave,
And sky be drawn in tints divine—
Give lowering skies and rocks to me,
If there my spirit can be free.

Sweeter than spicy gales, that blow
From orange groves with wooing breath,
The winds may from these islands flow,—
But 'tis an atmosphere of death,—
The lotus, which transformed the brave
And haughty to a willing slave.

Softer than Minder's winding stream,
The wave may ripple on this coast,
And brighter than the morning beam
In golden swell be round it tost—
Give me a rude and stormy shore,
So power can never threat me more.

Brighter than all the tales, they tell
Of eastern pomp and pageantry,
Our sunset skies in glory swell,
Hung round with glowing tapestry :—
The horrors of a winter storm
Swell brighter o'er a freeman's form.

The Spring may here with Autumn twine,
And both combined may rule the year,
And fresh-blown flowers and racy wine,
In frosted clusters still be near :—
Dearer the wild and snowy hills
Where hale and ruddy Freedom smiles.

Beyond the wild dark-heaving sea,
And ocean's stormy vastness o'er,
There is a better home for me,
A welcomer and dearer shore :
There hands, and hearts, and souls, are twined,
And free the man, and free the mind.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

I am the Spirit of the viewless air,
Upon the rolling clouds I plant my throne,
I move serenely, when the fleet winds bear
My palace in its flight, from zone to zone ;

High on the mountain top I sit alone

Shrouding behind a veil of night my form,
And when the trumpet of assault has blown,
Career upon the pinions of the storm ;
By me the gales of morning sweetly blow,
Waving, along the bank, the bending flowers ;
'Tis at my touch the clouds dissolving flow,

When flitting o'er the sky, in silent showers ;
I send the breeze to play among the bowers,
And curl the light green ripples on the lake ;
I call the sea-wind in the sultry hours,
And all his train of gentle airs awake ;

I lead the zephyr on the dewy lawn
To gather up the pearls that speck it o'er,
And when the coolness of the night has gone,
I send it where the willows crown the shore ;
I sit within the circle of the moon,

When the fair planet smiles, and brightly throws
Around the radiance of her clearest noon,
Till every cloud, that passes by her glows,
When folds of fleecy vapour hang the sky,
Borne on the night-wind through the silent air,
And as they float, the stars seem rushing by,
And the moon glides away in glory there ;

I lead the wild fowl, when his untried wing
Boldly ascends the vernal arch of blue ;
Before him on his airy path I fling
A magic light that safely guides him through ;
When lost in distant haze, I send his cry,
Floating in mellow tones along the wind,
Then like a speck of light he hurries by,
And hills, and woods, and lakes are left behind :

When clouds are gathering, or when whirlwinds blow
When heaven is dark with storms, or brightly fair
Where'er the viewless waves of ether flow,
Calm or in tempest rolling, I am there.

SONNET.

My country—at the sound of that dear name
The wanderer's heart awakens, nerved and bold
Before him stand the deeds and days of old,
The tombs of ages, and the rolls of fame,
Sculptured on columns, where the living flame
Of freedom lights anew its fading ray,
And glows in emulation of that day,
When on their foes they stamped the brand of shame
Yes, at the thought of these bright trophies leaps
The spirit in his bosom, and he turns
His longing eye to where his parent sleeps,
And high on rocks his country's beacon burns;
And though the world be gayest, and sweet forms
Of love and beauty call him, he would fly,
And walk delighted in her mountain storms,
And man his soul with valor at her cry,
And in the fiercest shock of battle die.

A TRIBUTE TO THE BRAVE.

THOUGH furled be the banner of blood on the plain,
And rusted the sabre once crimsoned with gore ;
Though hushed be the ravens that croaked o'er the slain,
And calmed into silence the battle's loud roar ;
Though Peace with her rosy smile gladden the vales,
And Commerce unshackled dance over the wave ;
Though Music and Song may enliven the gales,
And Joy crown with roses and myrtle the brave ;
Like spirits that start from the sleep of the dead,
Our heroes shall rouse when the larum shall blow ;
Then Freedom's broad flag on the wind shall be spread,
And Valor's sword flash in the face of the foe.
Our Eagle shall rise 'mid the whirlwinds of war,
And dart through the dun cloud of battle his eye—
Shall spread his wide wings on the tempest afar,
O'er spirits of valour that conquer or die,
And ne'er shall the rage of the conflict be o'er,
And ne'er shall the warm blood of life cease to flow,
And still 'mid the smoke of the battle shall roam
Our Eagle—till scattered and fled be the foe.
When Peace shall disarm War's dark brow of its frown,
And roses shall bloom on the soldier's rude grave—
Then Honor shall weave of the laurel a crown,
That Beauty shall bind on the brow of the brave.

THE BROKEN HEART.

HE has gone to the land where the dead are still,
And mute the song of gladness ;
He drank at the cup of grief his fill,
And his life was a dream of madness ;
The victim of fancy's torturing spell,
From hope to darkness driven ;
His agony was the rack of hell,
His joy the thrill of heaven.

He has gone to the land where the dead are cold,
And thought will sting him—never ;
The tomb its darkest veil has roll'd
O'er all his faults for ever.
O ! there was light that shone within
The gloom that hung around him ;
His heart was formed to woo and win,
But love had never crowned him.

He has gone to the land where the dead may rest
In a soft unbroken slumber,
Where the pulse that swelled his anguished breast,
Shall never his torture number ;
Ah ! little the reckless witlings know
How keenly throbb'd and smarted
That bosom which burned with a brightest glow,
Till crushed and broken-hearted.

He longed to love, and a frown was all
The cold and thoughtless gave him ;
He sprang to Ambition's trumpet-call,
But back they rudely drove him :
He glowed with a spirit pure and high ;
They called the feeling madness,
And he wept for wo with a melting eye,
'Twas weak and moody sadness.

He sought with an ardour full and keen,
To rise to a noble station,
But repulsed by the proud, the cold, the mean,
He sunk in desperation ;
They called him away to Pleasure's bowers,
But gave him a poisoned chalice,
And from her alluring wreath of flowers
They glanced the grin of malice.

He felt that the charm of life was gone,
That his hopes were chilled and blasted,
That being wearily lingered on
In sadness while it lasted ;
He turned to the picture fancy drew,
Which he thought would darken never ;
It fled—to the damp cold grave he flew,
And he sleeps with the dead for ever.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

THE sunset is calm on the face of the deep,
And bright is the last look of day in the west,
And broadly the beams of its parting glance sweep,
Like the path that conducts to the land of the blest :
All golden and green is the sea as it flows
In billows just heaving its tide to the shore ;
And crimson and blue is the sky as it glows
With the colours that tell us that day-light is o'er.

I sit on a rock that hangs over the wave,
And the snow heaves and tosses its snow-wreaths below
And the flakes, gilt with sunbeams, the flowing tide pave
Like the gems that in gardens of sorcery grow :
I sit on the rock, and I watch the light fade,
Still fainter and fainter away in the west,
And I dream I can catch, through the mantle of shade,
A glimpse of the dim distant land of the blest.

And I long for a home in that land of the soul,
Where hearts always warm glow with friendship and love
And days ever cloudless still cheerily roll,
Like the age of eternity blazing above :
There with friendships unbroken, and loves ever true,
Life flows on, one gay dream of pleasure and rest,
And green is the fresh turf, the sky purely blue,
That mantle and arch o'er the land of the blest.

The last line of light now is crossing the sea,
 And the first star is lighting its lamp in the sky ;
 It seems that a sweet voice is calling to me,
 Like a bird on that pathway of brightness to fly :
 " Far over the wave is a green sunny isle,
 Where the last cloud of evening now shines in the west ;
 'Tis the island that Spring ever woos with her smiles ;
 O ! seek it—the bright happy land of the blest."

RETROSPECTION.

THERE are moments in life, that are never forgot,
 Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away ;
 They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
 And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day :
 These moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears ;
 The first look of love and the last parting given ;
 As the sun, in the dawn of his glory, appears,
 And the cloud weeps and glows with the rainbow in heaven.

THERE are hours—there are minutes, which memory brings,
 Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart ;
 And as time rushes by on the might of his wings,
 They may darken awhile, but they never depart :
 O ! these hallowed remembrances cannot decay,
 But they come on the soul with a magical thrill ;
 And in days that are darkest they kindly will stay,
 And the heart, in its last throb, will beat with them still.

They come, like the dawn in its loveliness, now,
The same look of beauty, that shot to my soul ;
The snows of the mountain are bleached on her brow,
And her eyes, in the blue of the firmament, roll :
The roses are dim by her cheeks living bloom,
And her coral lips part like the opening of flowers ;
She moves through the air in a cloud of perfume,
Like the wind from the blossoms of jessamine bowers.

From her eye's melting azure there sparkles a flame
That kindled my young blood to ecstasy's glow ;
She speaks—and the tones of her voice are the same,
As would once like the wind-harp, in melody flow :
That touch, as her hand meets and mingles with mine,
Shoots along to my heart, with electrical thrill ;
'Twas a moment, for earth too supremely divine,
And while life lasts its sweetness shall cling to me still.

We met—and we drank from the crystalline well
That flows from the fountain of science above ;
On the beauties of thought we would silently dwell,
Till we looked though we never were talking of love :
We parted—the tear glistened bright in her eye,
And her melting hand shook, as I dropped it for ever ;
O ! that moment will always be hovering by,
Life may frown—but its light shall abandon me—never.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

TO THE DEAD.

How many now are dead to me
That live to others yet !
How many are alive to me
Who crumble in their graves, nor see
That sickening, sinking look which we
Till dead can ne'er forget.

Beyond the blue seas, far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison, far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never hope or comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me ;
Though months and years have passed.
In a lone hour, his sigh to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee.
And then his form and face I see
As when I saw him last.

And one, with a bright lip, and cheek,
And eye, is dead to me.
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek!
His lip was cold—it would not speak ;
His heart was dead, for it did not break ;
And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb,
And for the dead the smile ;
Engrave oblivion on the tomb
Of pulseless life and deadly bloom—
Dim is such glare ; but bright the gloom
Around the funeral pile.

THE DEEP.

THERE'S beauty in the deep :—
The wave is bluer than the sky ;
And, though the light shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below ;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine,
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep :—

It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood.
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep :—

Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;
Above, let care and fear contend,
With sin and sorrow to the end :
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.

There's quiet in the deep.

THE DEAD LEAVES STREW THE FOREST-WALK.

THE dead leaves strew the forest-walk,
And withered are the pale wild-flowers ;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the spring's green, sprouting bowers,
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learned a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swelled from yonder tree—
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perched, and raised her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she ?
Away——where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there ;
The northern breeze that rustles by,
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair ;
No forest-tree stands stript and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
No mountain-top, with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds,—and seek
A happier clime, with livelier flight ;
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek ;
And leave me lonely with the night.
I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And mark where all its glories shone—
See—that it all is fair and bright,
Feel—that it all is cold and gone !

SALMON RIVER.*

'Tis a sweet stream ; and so, 'tis true, are all
That, undisturbed, save by the harmless brawl
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,
Pursue their way
By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
By rock, that since the deluge, fixed has stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood
By night and day.

But yet there's something in its humble rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank
With unscared look ;
There's much in its wild history, that teems
With all that's superstitious, and that seems
To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
In that small brook.

* This river enters into the Connecticut at East Haddam.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropt there, like the drops of rain
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain ;
And many a quiver,
Filled from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
Has spent itself in carnage. Now 'tis still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
From Salmon river.

Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made
Their spells by moonlight ; or beneath the shade
That shrouds sequestered rock, or dark'ning glade,
Or tangled dell.

Here Philip came, and Miantonimo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
Old Samuel.

And here the black fox roved, that howled and shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
For earthly fox ;
Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
And his soft peltry, stripped and dressed, to wear,
Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'Tis hard to rhyme
About a little and unnoticed stream,
That few have heard of ; but it is a theme

I chance to love :

And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
And whistle to the note of many a deed
Done on this river, which, if there be need,
I'll try to prove.

DEPARTURE OF THE PIONEER.

FAR away from the hill-side, the lake, and the hamlet,
The rock and the brook, and yon meadow so gay ;
From the foot-path, that winds by the side of the streamlet ;
From his hut, and the grave of his friend far away ;
He is gone where the footsteps of man never ventured,
Where the glooms of the wild tangled forest are centred,
Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has entered,
No blood-hound has roused up the deer with his bay.

He has left the green valley for paths where the bison
Roams through the prairies, or leaps o'er the flood ;
Where the snake in the swamp sucks the deadliest poison.
And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its food.
But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer,
The eyes shall be clearer, the rifle be surer,
And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer,
That trusts nought but Heaven in his way through the wood.

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer,
Firm be his step through each wearisome mile,
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,
Far from the track of the mean and the vile.
And when death, with the last of its terrors, assails him,
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,
And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre,
There for his pall shall the oak leaves be spread ;
The sweet brier shall bloom, and the wild grape shall cluster
And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.
There shall they mix with the fern and the heather,
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather,
The wolves with his wild dogs shall lie there together,
And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHAT is there sadd'ning in the autumn leaves ?
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy,"
That the sweet poet spake of ?—Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms

Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sighed.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now :
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store :
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
“ What is there sadd'ning in the autumn leaves ? ”

THE SWEET BRIER.

OUR sweet autumnal western-scented wind
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that the sweet brier yields it ; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely ; yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.
Such are the simple folks it dwells among ;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate ;
Its sweetness all is of my native land ;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odors of the spicy East.
You love *your* flowers and plants, and will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest ?

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

“AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE.”

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,—
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,—
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That “as my day, my strength shall be.”

When, with sad footstep, memory roves
Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,—
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,—
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That “as my day, my strength shall be.”

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang,—the keenest, and the last ;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That “as her day, her strength shall be.”

MISSIONS.

LIGHT for the dreary vales
Of ice-bound Labrador !
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more ;
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child !
An outcast though he be,
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
And the country of the free ;
Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what home on earth has he ?

Light for the hills of Greece !
Light for that trampled clime
Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease
Ere it wrecked the boast of time ;
*If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
Can ye grudge your boon sublime ?*

Light on the Hindoo shed !
On the maddening idol-train,
The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
And the Fakir faints with pain,
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky !
The Sophi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armor when Death invades ;
Hark ! Hark !—'tis the sainted Martyn's sigh
From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales !
For the islands of the sea !
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
With sighs of agony,
And her kidnapped babes the mother wails
'Neath the lone banana-tree !

Light for the ancient race
Exiled from Zion's rest !
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppressed ;
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base ;
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darkened earth !
Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,
Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread

Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head.

SOLITUDE.

DEEP solitude I sought. There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While, towering near, the rugged mountains made
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky. Thither I went,
And bade my spirit drink that lonely draught,
For which it long had languished 'mid the strife
And fever of the world. I thought to be
There without witness. But the violet's eye
Looked up upon me,—the fresh wild-rose smiled,
And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek,
And there were voices too. The garrulous brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history ;—up came the singing breeze,
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one. Even busy life
Woke in that dell. The tireless spider threw
From spray to spray her silver-tissued snare.
The wary ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The treasured grain, toiled toward her citadel.
To the sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,

And from the wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought
To be *alone, and silent in thy realm,*
Spirit of life and love ! It might not be !
There is no solitude in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when, in his selfish breast,
He locks his joys, and bars out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself to Nature's round
Without a witness. Trees, and flowers, and streams,
Are social and benevolent ; and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip ;—he touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness,—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste, he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
For ever. There had been a murmuring sound,

With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed and holy, from that marble brow—
Death gazed, and left it there ;—he dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

POWER OF MATERNAL PIETY.

“When I was a little child, (said a good old man,) my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations : but when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure, as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed,—‘O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.’”

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children, young and gay ?
Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And, kneeling, pray for me.

But, then, there came a fearful day ;
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve, I knelt me down in wo,
And said a lonely prayer ;
Yet still my temples seemed to glow
As if that hand were there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear ;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed ;
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled ;
But oft, at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congealed—
Blessed mother, was it thine ?

In foreign lands I travelled wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye ;—

Yet still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
Maintained its mystic sway,
As when, amid my curls of gold,
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod,
“ My son—my only one—beware !
Nor sin against thy God.”

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole
My kindly warmth away,
And dimmed the tablet of the soul ;—
Yet when, with lordly sway,

This brow the plumed helm displayed,
That guides the warrior throng,
Or beauty's thrilling fingers strayed
These manly locks among,—

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot !—
 And now, though time hath set
 His frosty seal upon my lot,
 These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
 A mother's holy prayer,
 A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
 That pointed to a Saviour dear,
 Have led the wanderer there.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

MEEK dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs !
 With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
 Whence are ye ?—Did some white-winged messenger
 On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
 To the cold cradle of eternal snows ?
 Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
 Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye ?—

Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere ; no polar pine
 Uprears a veteran front ; yet there *ye* stand,
 Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed ice,
 And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
 Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
 Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils

O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main ;
Toil on,—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock ;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave ;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone ;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;

The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd ;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;
The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossom'd sweets that the valleys yield ;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up ;
There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup,
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;—
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of ocean have frown'd to see
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee ;—
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

Ye build,—ye build,—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devour'd in their sin ;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye ;—
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid ;
Ye slumber unmark'd 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

WITH WILD FLOWERS TO A SICK FRIEND.

RISE from the dells where ye first were born,
From the tangled beds of the weed and thorn,
Rise ! for the dews of the morn are bright,
And haste away with your brows of light.—
Should the green-house patricians with gathering frown,
On your plebeian vestures look haughtily down,
Shrink not,—for *His* finger your heads hath bowed,
Who heeds the lowly, and humbles the proud.—
The tardy spring, and the frosty sky,
Have meted your robes with a miser's eye,
And check'd the blush of your blossoms free,—
With a gentler friend your home shall be ;
To a kinder ear you may tell your tale
Of the zephyr's kiss and the scented vale ;—
Ye are charm'd ! ye are charm'd ! and your fragrant sigh
Is health to the bosom on which ye die.

BURIAL OF THE YOUNG.

THERE was an open grave,—and many an eye
Look'd down upon it. Slow the sable hearse
Moved on, as if reluctantly it bare
The young, unwearied form to that cold couch,

Which age and sorrow render sweet to man—
There seem'd a sadness in the humid air,
Lifting the long grass from those verdant mounds
Where slumber multitudes.—

There was a train
Of young, fair females, with their brows of bloom,
And shining tresses. Arm in arm they came,
And stood upon the brink of that dark pit,
In pensive beauty, waiting the approach
Of their companion. She was wont to fly,
And meet them, as the gay bird meets the spring,
Brushing the dew-drop from the morning flowers,
And breathing mirth and gladness. *Now* she came
With movements fashion'd to the deep-toned bell :—
She came with mourning sire, and sorrowing friend,
And tears of those who at her side were nursed
By the same mother.

Ah ! and one was there,
Who, ere the fading of the summer rose,
Had hoped to greet her as his bride. But death
Arose between them. The pale lover watch'd
So close her journey through the shadowy vale,
That almost to his heart, the ice of death
Enter'd from her's. There was a brilliant flush
Of youth about her,—and her kindling eye
Pour'd such unearthly light, that hope would hang
Even on the archer's arrow, while it dropp'd
Deep poison. Many a restless night she toil'd
For that slight breath which held her from the tomb,
Still wasting like a snow-wreath, which the sun
Marks for his own, on some cool mountain's breast,

Yet spares, and tinges long with rosy light.
——Oft o'er the musings of her silent couch,
Came visions of that matron form which bent,
With nursing tenderness, to soothe and bless
Her cradle dream: and her emaciate hand,
In trembling prayer, she raised—that He, who saved
The sainted mother, would redeem the child.
Was the orison lost?—Whence then that peace,
So dove-like, settling o'er a soul that loved
Earth and its pleasures?—Whence that angel smile
With which the allurements of a world so dear
Were counted and resigned? that eloquence
So fondly urging those whose hearts were full
Of sublunary happiness to seek
A better portion? Whence that voice of joy,
Which from the marble lip in life's last strife
Burst forth, to hail her everlasting home?
Cold reasoners! be convinced. And when ye stand
Where that fair brow, and those unfrosted locks
Return to dust,—where the young sleeper waits
The resurrection morn,—Oh! lift the heart
In praise to Him, who gave the victory.

FIRST MEETING OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD,
1492.

She comes ! she comes ! with her white sails spread,
With her banners proudly streaming,
With a haughty brow, and an eye of dread,
Through its darkened fringes beaming.

And who is she, 'mid these island shades,
Unshielded from wrong or danger,
Who hastes from the depth of her forest glades
To welcome the stately stranger ?

Her glance heeds not the gathering storm ;
In its simple joy it blesses,
And the grasp of her hand is as free and warm
As the wealth of her ebon tresses.

But the gold of her rivers shall turn to dust,
Ere from history's scroll hath faded,
The deeds of that visitant's savage lust,
Who thus her realm invaded.

Yes, many a pitying eye must weep
O'er the Old World's shameful story :
At the scourge which she raised o'er her sister's sleep,
And the blood that stained her glory.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the whitethorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That over-brows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips ;
Whilst in the frozen fountain—hark !—
His piercing beak the bittern dips.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,—
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay ;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day !

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd ;
And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs, and wintry winds, my ear
Has grown familiar with your song ;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows—
Where, underneath the whitethorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,

The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
 With what a tender and impassioned voice
 It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
 When the fast-ushering star of morning comes
 O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
 Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled eve,
 In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
 Departs with silent pace ! That spirit moves
 In the green valley, where the silver brook,
 From its full laver, pours the white cascade,
 And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
 Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.
 And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
 Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
 In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
 And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
 The silent majesty of these deep woods,
 Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
 As to the sunshine and the pure bright air
 Their tops the green trees lift.

—Hence gifted bards

Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
 For them there was an eloquent voice in all
 The sylvan pomp of woods—the golden sun—
 The flowers—the leaves—the river on its way—
 Blue skies—and silver clouds—and gentle winds—
 The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
 Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes—
 Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in—
 Mountain—and shattered cliff—and sunny vale—
 The distant lake—fountains—and mighty trees—

In many a lazy syllable repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.
And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill
The world ; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature—of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That lie i' the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, was hung,
And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair
Was as the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushed all the richness of an autumn sky,
With its ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath—
It was so like the gentle air of spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it was a joy
To have it round us—and her silver voice
Was the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell
The shadowed light of evening fell ;
And when the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward, in the mellow light,
Rose the blue hills—one cloud of white ;
Around, a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone—
An image of the silver lakes
By which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard,
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest ; and a band
Of stern in heart and strong in hand
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sung, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head ;
But as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds, the weapons made
For the hard toils of war were laid ;
The cuirass woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain ;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came ; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief ; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed ;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart.—One piercing neigh
Arose—and on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.*

* Alluding to an Indian superstition.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS, AT THE
CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

The standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole who fell in the attack upon Savannah, during the American Revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania.

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
That proud banner, which, with prayer,
Had been consecrated there ;
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner. May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,—
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,—
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner ;—and, beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it—till our homes are free—
Guard it—God will prosper thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner. But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him ;—by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him—he our love hath shared—
Spare him—as thou wouldst be spared.

Take thy banner ;—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier.
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.

And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was gather'd in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Look'd down where the valley lay stretch'd below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet.
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods,
As the sun stole out from their solitudes,
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red
Where the tree's wither'd leaves round it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn.—
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide.
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hew'd down the giant oak,
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white,—
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice and a plunge from shore ;
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had pass'd on, by that still lake-side
The fisher look'd down through the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand display'd,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

THE SEA DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon its rocking tide ;
And many an eye has followed me,
Where billows clasp the worn sea-side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
When ocean by the sun is kiss'd !
When fades the evening's purple flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep,
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem,
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shatter'd thing
Had pass'd away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm had done,
A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down—without a signal gun,
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,—
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart,
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silver sea !
Peace that their relics there were laid
With no vain pride and pageantry.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er,
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore ;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name !—

The hill, whose icy brow

Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,

In the morning's flame burns now.

And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night

On the hill-side and the sea,

Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;

But the pilgrim—where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest ;

When Summer's throned on high,

And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,

Go, stand on the hill where they lie.

The earliest ray of the golden day

On that hallowed spot is cast ;

And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,

Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled :

It walks in noon's broad light ;

And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,

With the holy stars, by night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,

And shall guard this ice-bound shore,

Till the waves of the bay, where the May-flower lay,

Shall foam and freeze no more.

HYMN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE
ASSOCIATION.

LOUD o'er thy savage child,
O God, the night wind roars,
As, houseless, in the wild
He bows him, and adores.
Thou seest him there,
As to the sky
He lifts his eye
Alone in prayer.

Thine inspiration comes !
In *Skill* the blessing falls !
The field around him blooms,
The temple rears its walls,
And saints adore,
And music swells,
Where savage yells
Were heard before.

To honor thee, dread Power,
Our *SKILL* and *STRENGTH* combine ;
And temple, tomb and tower
Attest these gifts of thine ;

A swelling dome
 For Pride they gild,
 For Peace they build
 An humbler home.

By these our fathers' host
 Was led to victory first,
 When on our guardless coast
 The cloud of battle burst.
 Through storm and spray,
 By these controlled,
 Our navies hold
 Their thundering way.

Great Source of every art !
 Our homes, our pictured halls,
 Our thronged and busy mart,
 That heaves its granite walls,
 And shoots to heaven
 Its glittering spires,
 To catch the fires
 Of morn and even,—

These, and the breathing forms
 The brush or chisel gives,—
 With *this*, when marble warms,
 With *that*, when canvass lives,—
 These all combine,
 In countless ways,
 To swell thy praise ;
 For all are thine !

HYMN FOR THE TWO-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE SETTLEMENT OF CHARLESTOWN.

Two hundred years!—two hundred years!—
How much of human power and pride,
What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears,
Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!—

The red man, at his horrid rite,
Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,—
His bark canoe, its track of light
Left on the wave beneath the moon;—

His dance, his yell, his counsel fire,
The altar where his victim lay,
His death-song and his funeral pyre,
That still, strong tide hath borne away.

And that pale pilgrim band is gone,
That, on this shore, with trembling trod,
Ready to faint, yet bearing on
The ark of freedom and of God.

And war—that, since, o'er ocean came,
And thundered loud from yonder hill,
And wrapped its foot in sheets of flame,
To blast that ark—its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,
That live in story and in song,
Time, for the last two hundred years,
Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'Tis like a dream when one awakes—
This vision of the scenes of old ;
'Tis like the moon when morning breaks ;
'Tis like a tale round watch-fires told.

Then what are we !—then what are we !—
Yes, when two hundred years have rolled
O'er our green graves, our names shall be
A morning dream, a tale that's told.

God of our fathers,—in whose sight
The thousand years, that sweep away
Man, and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day,—

Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of thee,
That makes thy children, in all time,
To share thine own eternity.

NAPOLEON AT REST.

His falchion waved along the Nile,
His host he led through Alpine snows ;
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,
His eagle-flag unrolled—and froze !

Here sleeps he now, alone !—not one,
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Bends o'er his dust ; nor wife nor son
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind the sea-girt rock, the star
That led him on from crown to crown,
Has sunk, and nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

High is his tomb : the ocean flood,
Far, far below, by storms is curled—
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps : the mountain cloud,
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here ! The far off world at last
 Breathes free ; the hand that shook its thrones
 And to the earth its mitres east,
 Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark ! Comes there from the pyramids,
 And from Siberian wastes of snow,
 And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
 The world be awed to mourn him ?—No !

The only, the perpetual dirge
 That's heard here is the sea-bird's cry—
 The mournful murmur of the surge,
 The clouds' deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

OCCASIONAL HYMN.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
 Whom kings adored in song sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue,—

Not now, on Zion's height alone,
 Thy favored worshipper may dwell,
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
 Sat, weary, by the Patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this Thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To Thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are rolled.

To Thee shall Age, with snowy hair,
And Strength and Beauty, bend the knee.
And Childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

N. P. WILLIS.

SPRING.

THE Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
 With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers ;
 And with it comes a thirst to be away,
 Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
 A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
 Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
 To find refreshment in the silent woods ;
 And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
 Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
 Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
 To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
 The waters tripping with their silver feet,
 The turning to the light of leaves in June,
 And the light whisper as their edges meet—
 Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
 The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment, in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream ;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream ;
Bird-like, the poisoned soul *will* lift its eye
And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM

DELIVERED AT THE DEPARTURE OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF
YALE COLLEGE, IN 1826.

We shall go forth together. There will come
Alike the day of trial unto all,
And the rude world will buffet us alike.
Temptation hath a music for all ears ;
And mad ambition trumpeteth to all ;
And the ungovernable thought within
Will be in every bosom eloquent ;—
But, when the silence and the calm come on,
And the high seal of character is set,
We shall not all be similar. The scale
Of being is a graduated thing ;
And deeper than the vanities of power,

Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ
Gradation, in its hidden characters.
The pathway to the grave may be the same,
And the proud man shall tread it, and the low,
With his bowed head, shall bear him company.
Decay will make no difference, and death,
With his cold hand, shall make no difference ;
And there will be no precedence of power,
In waking at the coming trump of God ;
But in the temper of the invisible mind,
The godlike and undying intellect,
There are distinctions that will live in heaven,
When time is a forgotten circumstance !
The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free,
Beside the crystal waters ; but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God,
Will measure the capacities of mind ;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify him more.
It is life's mystery. The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power ;
And, as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.

What is its earthly victory ? Press on !
For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on !
For it shall make you mighty among men ;
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
Ye shall look down on monarchs. O, press on !

For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence ; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love !
Press on ! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought ;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven !
Press on !—‘ for in the grave there is no work,
And no device.’—Press on ! while yet ye may !

So lives the soul of man. It is the thirst
Of his immortal nature ; and he rends
The rock for secret fountains, and pursues
The path of the illimitable wind
For mysteries—and this is human pride !
There is a gentler element, and man
May breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul.
And drink its living waters till his heart
Is pure—and this is human happiness !
Its secret and its evidence are writ
In the broad book of nature. ’Tis to have
Attentive and believing faculties ;
To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well-created things ;
To love the voice of waters, and the sheen
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea ;
To thrill with the rich melody of birds,
Living their life of music ; to be glad
In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm ;

To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree ;
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world !
It is to linger on ' the magic face
Of human beauty,' and from light and shade
Alike to draw a lesson ; 'tis to love
The cadences of voices that are tuned
By majesty and purity of thought ;
To gaze on woman's beauty, as a star
Whose purity and distance make it fair :
And in the gush of music to be still,
And feel that it has purified the heart !
It is to love all virtue for itself,
All nature for its breathing evidence ;
And, when the eye hath seen, and when the ear
Hath drunk the beautiful harmony of the world,
It is to humble the imperfect mind,
And lean the broken spirit upon God !

Thus would I, at this parting hour, be true
To the great moral of a passing world.
Thus would I—like a just departing child,
Who lingers on the threshold of his home—
Remember the best lesson of the lips
Whose accents shall be with us now, no more !
It is the gift of sorrow to be pure ;
And I would press the lesson ; that, when life
Hath half become a weariness, and hope
Thirsts for serener waters, Go abroad
Upon the paths of nature, and, when all

Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God
Who hath the living waters shall be there !

THE TORN HAT.

THERE'S something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music thrill,
And I in sadness hear it all—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now—

But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there—
'Tis then that on his face I look,
His beautiful but thoughtful face,
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meanings trace,
Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on these golden wings
Which time has fettered now—
Things that came o'er me with a thrill.
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thought upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all ;
And on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they !

DAWN.

“That line I learned not in the old sad song.”—Charles Lamb.

THROW up the window ! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world ;
And the south wind seems liquid—it o'ersteals
My bosom and my brow so bathingly.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed ; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music ; and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.
Lovely indeed is morning ! I have drank
Its fragrance and its freshness, and have felt
Its delicate touch ; and 'tis a kindlier thing
Than music, or a feast, or medicine.

I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,
And light was welcome to me. I looked out
To feel the common air, and when the breath
Of the delicious morning met my brow,

Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun
Shone on familiar objects, it was like
The feeling of the captive who comes forth
From darkness to the cheerful light of day.
Oh ! could we wake from sorrow ; were it all
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside
Like an untimely garment with the morn ;
Could the long fever of the heart be cooled
By a sweet breath from nature ; or the gloom
Of a bereaved affection pass away
With looking on the lively tint of flowers—
How lightly were the spirit reconciled
To make this beautiful, bright world its home !

TO LAURA, TWO YEARS OF AGE.

BRIGHT be the skies that cover thee,
Child of the sunny brow—
Bright as the dream flung over thee
By all that meets thee now.
Thy heart is beating joyously,
Thy voice is like a bird's,
And sweetly breaks the melody
Of thy imperfect words.
I know no fount that gushes out
As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou might'st ever be
As beautiful as now,—
That Time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow,—
I would life were “all poetry,”
To gentle measures set,
That nought but chastened melody
Might stain thine eye of jet—
Nor one discordant note be spoken,
Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these
With woman's lot are wove,
Wrought of intenser sympathies,
And nerved by purer love.
By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of sin,
Is woman won to Heaven.
“Her lot is on thee,” lovely child—
God keep thy spirit undefiled !

I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air ;
Thine eye's beseeching earnestness
May be to thee a snare.
The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow—
But they who kneel at woman's shrine
Breathe on it as they bow—
Ye may fling back the gift again,
But the crushed flower will leave a stain.

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child ?
Keep thee as thou art now ?
Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,
At God's pure throne to bow ?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim :
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up—to Him ?
He, who himself was "undefiled :"
With him we trust thee, beautiful child !

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray ;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years ;
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true ; it is very true ;
I'm old, and " I 'bide my time ;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on ; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring ;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go ;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low :
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way ;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

BETTER MOMENTS.

My mother's voice ! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours !
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconseious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,

And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.
The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give aye to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.
I have been out at eventide
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnish'd like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting leaves and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, throng'd the night—
When all was beauty—then have I
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.
And when the beautiful spirit there,
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
Like the light dropping of the rain—
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured her low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be

To rise in heaven like stars at night !
And tread a living path of light.
I have been on the dewy hills,
 When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
 And tints were delicately drawn
In the gray East—when birds were waking
 With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
 Upon the whisper of the breeze,
And this when I was forth, perchance
As a worn reveller from the dance—
 And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freely up, and hill and river
 Were catching upon wave and tree
The arrows from his subtle quiver—
 I say a voice has thrill'd me then,
Heard on the still and rushing light,
 Or, creeping from the silent glen,
Like words from the departing night,
 Hath stricken me, and I have press'd
On the wet grass my fever'd brow,
 And pouring forth the earliest
First prayer, with which I learn'd to bow,
 Have felt my mother's spirit rush
Upon me as in by-past years,
 And yielding to the blessed gush
Of my ungovernable tears,
 Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
As humble as a very child.

IDLENESS.

THE rain is playing its soft, pleasant tune,
Fitfully on the skylight, and the shade
Of the fast flying clouds across my book
Passes with delicate change. My merry fire
Sings cheerfully itself; my musing cat
Purrs as she wakes from her unquiet sleep,
And looks into my face as if she felt,
Like me, the gentle influence of the rain.
Here have I sat since morn—reading sometimes,
And sometimes listening to the faster fall
Of the large drops, or, rising with the stir
Of an unbidden thought, have walked awhile,
With the slow steps of indolence, my room,
And then sat down composedly again
To my quaint book of olden poetry.
It is a kind of idleness, I know;
And I am said to be an idle man—
And it is very true. I love to go
Out in the pleasant sun, and let my eye
Rest on the human faces that pass by,
Each with its gay or busy interest;
And then I muse upon their lot, and read
Many a lesson in their changeful cast,
And so grow kind of heart, as if the sight
Of human beings were humanity.

And I am better after it, and go
More gratefully to my rest, and feel a love
Stirring my heart to every living thing,
And my low prayer has more humility,
And I sink lightlier to my dreams—and this,
'Tis very true, is only idleness !

I love to go and mingle with the young
In the gay festal room—when every heart
Is beating faster than the merry tune,
And their blue eyes are restless, and their lips
Parted with eager joy, and their round cheeks
Flushed with the beautiful motion of the dance.
'Tis sweet, in the becoming light of lamps,
To watch a brow half-shaded, or a curl
Playing upon a neck capriciously,
Or, unobserved, to watch, in its delight,
The earnest countenance of a child. I love
To look upon such things, and I can go
Back to my solitude, and dream bright dreams
For their fast coming years, and speak of them
Earnestly in my prayer, till I am glad
With a benevolent joy—and this, I know,
To the world's eye, is only idleness !

And when the clouds pass suddenly away,
And the blue sky is like a newer world,
And the sweet growing things—forest and flower—
Humble and beautiful alike—are all
Breathing up odors to the very heaven—
Or when the frost is yielded to the sun

In the rich autumn, and the filmy mist
Lies like a silver lining on the sky,
And the clear air exhilarates, and life,
Simply, is luxury—and when the hush
Of twilight, like a gentle sleep, steals on,
And the birds settle to their nests, and stars
Spring in the upper sky, and there is not
A sound that is not low and musical—
At all these pleasant seasons I go out
With my first impulse guiding me, and take
Wood-path, or stream, or sunny mountain side,
And, in my recklessness of heart, stray on,
Glad with the birds, and silent with the leaves,
And happy with the fair and blessed world—
And this, 'tis true, in only idleness !

And I should love to go up to the sky,
And course the heaven-like stars, and float away
Upon the gliding clouds that have no stay
In their swift journey—and 'twould be a joy
To walk the chambers of the deep, and tread
The pearls of its untrodden floor, and know
The tribes of its unfathomable depths—
Dwellers beneath the pressure of a sea !
And I should love to issue with the wind
On a strong errand, and o'ersweep the earth,
With its broad continents and islands green,
Like to the passing of a presence on !
And this, 'tis true, were only idleness !

PARRHASIUS.

Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death, with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint.

BURNET'S ANAT. OF MEL.

BRING me the captive now !

My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,

And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colours of rich divinity to-day.

Ha ! bind him on his back !
Look ! as Prometheus in my picture here—
Quick—or he faints ! stand with the convict near !

Now—bend him to the rack !
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh !
And tear agape that healing wound afresh !

So—let him writhe ! How long
Will he live thus ? Quick, my good pencil, now !
What a fine agony works upon his brow !

Ha ! gray-haired, and so strong !
How fearfully he stifles that short moan !
Gods ! if I could but paint a dying groan !

“Pity” thee ! so I do !

I pity the dumb victim at the altar—

But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter ?

I’d rack thee, though I knew

A thousand lives were perishing in thine—

What were ten thousand to a fame like mine

“Hereafter !” Aye—*hereafter* !

A whip to keep a coward to his track !

What gave death ever from his kingdom back

To check the sceptic’s laughter ?

Come from the grave tomorrow with that story,

And I may take some softer path to glory.

No, no, old man ! we die

Even as the flowers, and shall breathe away

Our life upon the chance wind, even as they.—

Strain well thy fainting eye—

For when that bloodshot quivering is o’er,

The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

Yet there’s a deathless *name* !

A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,

And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—

And though its crown of flame

Consumed my brain to ashes, as it won me—

By all the fiery stars ! I’d pluck it on me !

Aye—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst ;—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
 Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild ;—

All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot—
 O Heavens !—but I appal
Your heart, old man ! forgive—ha ! on your lives
Let him not faint ! rack him till he revives !

Vain—vain—give o'er ! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back ! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow !
 Gods ! if he do not die
But for one moment—one, till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those proud lips !

Shivering ! Hark ! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another ? Wilt thou never come, O Death ?
 Look ! how his temple flutters !
Is his heart still ? Ah ! lift then up his head !
Heshudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—he's dead.

JAMES G. WHITTIER.

FROM "THE MINSTREL GIRL."

SHE leaned against her favorite tree,
The golden sunlight melting through
The twined branches, as the free
And easy-pinioned breezes flew
Around the bloom and greenness there,
Awaking all to life and motion,
Like unseen spirits sent to bear
Earth's perfume to the barren ocean.
That ocean lay before her then,
Like a broad lustre, to send back
The scattered beams of day again,
To burn along its sunset track !
And broad and beautiful it shone ;
As quickened by some spiritual breath,
Its very waves seemed dancing on
To music whispered underneath.

And there she leaned,—that minstrel girl!

The breeze's kiss was soft and meek

Where coral melted into pearl

On parted lip and glowing cheek ;

Her dark and lifted eye had caught

Its lustre from the spirit's gem ;

And round her brow the light of thought

Was like an angel's diadem ;

For genius, as a living coal,

Had touched her lip and heart with flame,

And on the altar of her soul

The fire of inspiration came.

And early she had learned to love

Each holy charm to Nature given,—

The changing earth, the skies above,

Were prompters to her dreams of Heaven !

She loved the earth—the streams that wind

Like music from its hills of green—

The stirring boughs above them twined—

The shifting light and shade between ;—

The fall of waves—the fountain gush—

The sigh of winds—the music heard

At even-tide, from air and bush—

The minstrelsy of leaf and bird.

But chief she loved the sunset sky—

Its golden clouds, like curtains drawn

To form the gorgeous canopy

Of monarchs to their slumbers gone !

The sun went down,—and, broad and red,
One moment, on the burning wave,
Rested his front of fire, to shed
A glory round his ocean-grave :
And sunset—far and gorgeous hung
A banner from the wall of heaven—
A wave of living glory, flung
Along the shadowy verge of even.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

AND thou, gray vóyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite Oblivion, speed thou on !
Another gift of Time succeedeth thee,
Fresh from the hand of God ! for thou hast done
The errand of thy destiny, and none
May dream of thy returning. Go ! and bear
Mortality's frail records to thy cold,
Eternal prison-house ;—the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
Of worldly hearts ; the miser's dream of gold ;
Ambition's grasp at greatness ; the quenched light
Of broken spirits ; the forgiven wrong.
And the abiding curse. Ay, bear along
These wrecks of thine own making. Lo ! thy knell
Gathers upon the windy breath of night,
Its last and faintest echo ! Fare thee well !

THE INDIAN'S TALE.

It was generally believed by the first settlers of New England, that a mortal pestilence had, a short time previous to their arrival, in a great measure depopulated some of the finest portions of the country on the seaboard. The Indians themselves corroborated this opinion, and gave the English a terrific description of the ravages of the unseen Destroyer.

THE war-god did not wake to strife
The strong men of our forest-land ;
No red hand grasped the battle-knife
At Areouski's high command :—
We held no war-dance by the dim
And red light of the creeping flame ;
Nor warrior-yell, nor battle-hymn,
Upon the midnight breezes came.

There was no portent in the sky,
No shadow on the round bright sun ;
With light, and mirth, and melody,
The long, fair summer days came on.
We were a happy people then,
Rejoicing in our hunter-mood ;
No foot-prints of the pale-faced men
Had marred our forest-solitude.

The land was ours—this glorious land—
With all its wealth of wood and streams—
Our warriors strong of heart and hand—
Our daughters beautiful as dreams.

When wearied, at the thirsty noon,
We knelt us where the spring gushed up,
To taste our Father's blessed boon—
Unlike the white man's poison cup.

There came unto my father's hut
A wan, weak creature of distress ;
The red man's door is never shut
Against the lone and shelterless ;
And when he knelt before his feet,
My father led the stranger in ;
He gave him of his hunter-meat—
Alas ! it was a deadly sin !

The stranger's voice was not like ours—
His face at first was sadly pale,
Anon 'twas like the yellow flowers,
Which tremble in the meadow gale.
And when he him laid down to die,
And murmured of his fatherland,
My mother wiped his tearful eye,
My father held his burning hand !

He died at last—the funeral yell
Rang upward from his burial sod,
And the old Powwah knelt to tell
The tidings to the white man's God !
The next day came—my father's brow
Grew heavy with a fearful pain ;
He did not take his hunting-bow—
He never sought the woods again !

He died even as the white man died—

My mother, she was smitten too—

My sisters vanished from my side,

Like diamonds from the sun-lit dew.

And then we heard the Powwahs say,

That God had sent his angels forth,

To sweep our ancient tribes away,

And poison and unpeople earth.

And it was so—from day to day

The spirit of the plague went on,

And those at morning blithe and gay,

Were dying at the set of sun.—

They died—our free, bold hunters died—

The living might not give them graves—

Save when, along the water-side,

They cast them to the hurrying waves.

The carrion-crow, the ravenous beast,

Turned loathing from the ghastly dead ;—

Well might they shun the funeral feast

By that destroying angel spread !

One after one, the red men fell ;

Our gallant war-tribe passed away—

And I alone am left to tell

The story of its swift decay.

Alone—alone—a withered leaf—

Yet clinging to its naked bough ;

The pale race scorn the aged chief,

And I will join my fathers now.

The spirits of my people bend
At midnight from the solemn west,
To me their kindly arms extend—
They call me to their home of rest !

A LEGEND.

THE hunter went forth with his dog and gun,
In the earliest glow of the golden sun ;
The trees of the forest bent over his way,
In the changeful colors of autumn gay ;
For a frost had fallen, the night before,
On the quiet greenness which nature wore :—

A bitter frost !—for the night was chill,
And starry and dark, and the wind was still ;
And so, when the sun looked out on the hills,
On the stricken woods and the frosted rills,
The unvaried green of the landscape fled,
And a wild, rich robe was given instead.

We know not whither the hunter went,
Or how the last of his days was spent ;
For the noon drew nigh ; but he came not back,
Weary and faint, from his forest-track ;
And his wife sat down to her frugal board,
Beside the empty seat of her lord.

And the day passed on, and the sun came down
To the hills of the west like an angel's crown ;
The shadows lengthened from wood and hill,
The mist crept up from the meadow-rill,
Till the broad sun sank, and the red light rolled
All over the west like a wave of gold.

Yet he came not back—though the stars gave forth
Their wizard light to the silent earth ;
And his wife looked out from the lattice dim,
In the earnest manner of fear for him ;
And his fair-haired child on the door-stone stood
To welcome his father back from the wood !

He came not back—yet they found him soon
In the burning light of the morrow's noon,
In the fixed and visionless sleep of death,
Where the red leaves fell at the soft wind's breath ;
And the dog, whose step in the chase was fleet,
Crouched silent and sad at the hunter's feet.

He slept in death ;—but his sleep was one
Which his neighbors shuddered to look upon ;
For his brow was black, and his open eye
Was red with the sign of agony ;—
And they thought, as they gazed on his features grim,
That an evil deed had been done on him.

They buried him where his fathers laid,
By the mossy mounds in the grave-yard shade ;

Yet whispers of doubt passed over the dead,
And beldames muttered while prayers were said ;
And the hand of the sexton shook as he pressed
The damp earth down on the hunter's breast.

The seasons passed ; and the autumn rain
And the colored forest returned again :
'Twas the very eve that the hunter died ;
The winds wailed over the bare hill-side,
And the wreathing limbs of the forest shook
Their red leaves over the swollen brook.

There came a sound on the night-air then,
Like a spirit-shriek, to the homes of men,
And louder and shriller it rose again,
Like the fearful cry of the mad with pain ;
And trembled alike the timid and brave,
For they knew that it came from the hunter's grave :

And, every year, when autumn flings
Its beautiful robe on created things,
When Piscataqua's tide is turbid with rain,
And Coheco's woods are yellow again,
That cry is heard from the grave-yard earth,
Like the howl of a demon struggling forth.

WILLIAM O. B. PEABODY.

HYMN OF NATURE.

GOD of the earth's extended plains!
 The dark green fields contented lie :
 The mountains rise like holy towers,
 Where man might commune with the sky :
 The tall cliff challenges the storm
 That lowers upon the vale below,
 Where shaded fountains send their streams,
 With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
 The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
 Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
 Hath summoned up their thundering bands ;
 Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
 Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
 Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
 Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !

The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To weave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !

Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !

How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !

Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.

For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return ;
Her crumbling altars must decay ;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears ;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

O SACRED star of evening, tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths by holy angels trod,
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home, the Paradise of God?

Soul of the just ! and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Beyond the bounds of space or time?—

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre
In everduring notes of praise ?

Oh ! who would heed the chilling blast,
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If bid to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity !

And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss !

ON SEEING A DECEASED INFANT.

AND this is death ! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears ;
Too cold to let the gazer smile,
But far too beautiful for tears.

The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its rose-like red ;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,
Half shaded by the silken hair,
That never look'd so fair as now,
When life and health were laughing there,
I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel
That need not, cannot be suppress'd.

I wonder not that parents' eyes,
In gazing thus grow cold and dim,
That burning tears and aching sighs
Are blended with the funeral hymn ;

The spirit hath an earthly part,
That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart,
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn? that deep repose
Shall never more be broke by pain ;
Those lips no more in sighs unclose,
Those eyes shall never weep again.

For think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the church-yard sod,
'Twas made to gild an angel's bower
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far
The clouds of death in sorrow fly,
I see thee like a new-born star
Move up thy pathway in the sky :
The star hath rays serene and bright,
But cold and pale compared with thine ;
For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
With beams unfailing and divine.

Then let the burthen'd heart be free,
The tears of sorrow all be shed,
And parents calmly bend to see
The mournful beauty of the dead ;

Thrice happy—that their infant bears
To heaven no darkening stains of sin ;
And only breathed life's morning airs,
Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell ! I shall not soon forget !
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
My memory warmly treasures yet
Thy features calm and mildly sweet ;
But no, that look is not the last,
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deplores the past,
Nor breathes that withering word—farewell.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

THE SONG AT TWILIGHT.

WHEN evening spreads her shades around,
 And darkness fills the arch of heaven ;
 When not a murmur, not a sound,
 To Fancy's sportive ear is given ;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
 And looks around with golden eye ;
 When Nature, softened by her light,
 Seems calmly, solemnly to lie ;—

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
 This world, and all this world can give,
 O, sister, sing the song I love,
 And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
 And, hovering, trembles half afraid,
 O, sister, sing the song once more,
 Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day ;
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When, sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love ?

THE FEAR OF MADNESS.

THERE is a something which I dread ;
It is a dark, a fearful thing ;
It steals along with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness ;
'Tis not the dread of death,—'tis more,—
It is the dread of madness.

Oh ! may these throbbing pulses pause,
Forgetful of their feverish course ;
May this hot brain, which, burning, glows
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
A tenant of its lowly bed ;
But let not dark delirium steal——

* * * *

TO A STAR.

THOU brightly glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of heaven !
Oh ! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee !

How calmly, brightly, dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in virtue's shrine !
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys, together share ;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There, cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by heaven's refulgent lights ;
There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,
Thou gem upon an azure heaven !
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free !

THE PROPHECY.

LET me gaze awhile on that marble brow,
On that full, dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow ;
Let me gaze for a moment, that, ere I die,
I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.
That brow may beam in glory awhile ;
That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile ;
That full, dark eye may brightly beam
In life's gay morn, in hope's young dream ;
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.
I know by that spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly flashing eye,
That, maiden, there's that within thy breast,
Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblest ;
The strife of love, with pride shall wring
Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string ;
And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee,
Shall be drained in the dregs to agony—
Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye,
A dark, and a doubtful prophecy.

Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy curse ;
Thou wilt need no heavier, thou shalt feel no worse.
I see the cloud and the tempest near ;
The voice of the troubled tide I hear ;
The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,
The rushing waves of a wretched life.
Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.
Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the wave !
Maiden, I've gazed on thy early grave.
When I am cold and the hand of Death
Hath crowned my brow with an icy wreath ;
When the dew hangs damp on this motionless lip ;
When this eye is closed in its long, last sleep,
Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,
And think on my last sad prophecy.

TO MY MOTHER.

O THOU whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love ;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove ;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day ;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me ?
Who would have smiled responsive ? who in grief,
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee ?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear ?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart, with love's bright tear ?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow ?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and woe ?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom,
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That woe hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

O then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

FEATS OF DEATH.

I HAVE passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night,
I have walked the wild winds in the morning's broad light ;
I have paused o'er the bower where the infant lay sleeping,
And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.

My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night,
Which withers and moulders the flowers in its light,
Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,
And I left it there blighted, and wasted, and low ;
I culled the fair bud, as it danced in its mirth,
And I left it to moulder and fade on the earth.

I paused o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high ;
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,
I stop not to pity—I stay not to save.

FITZGREEN HALLECK.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

[He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power ;
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams, his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
 Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king ;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
 "To arms ! they come : the Greek ! the Greek !"
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,

BOZZARIS cheer his band ;—

“ Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land ! ”

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but BOZZARIS fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;—
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;—
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;—
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible : the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 BOZZARIS ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

WEEHAWKEN.

WEEHAWKEN ! in thy mountain scenery yet,
 All we adore of Nature, in her wild
 And frolic hour of infancy, is met ;
 And never has a summer's morning smiled
 Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
 Of the enthusiast revels on—when high,

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
 O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,
 And knows that sense of danger, which sublimes
 The breathless moment—when his daring step
 Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
 The low ash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death-music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life ; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling, like the moan
Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

In such an hour, he turns, and on his view,
Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before him—
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er him
The city bright below ; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air,
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there,
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this ; nor lives there one,
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
That in his manhood prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

CARLOS WILCOX.

THE SUDDEN COMING ON OF SPRING AFTER
LONG RAINS.

THE spring, made dreary by incessant rain,
Was well nigh gone, and not a glimpse appeared
Of vernal loveliness, but light-green turf
Round the deep bubbling fountain in the vale,
Or by the rivulet on the hill-side, near
Its cultivated base, fronting the south,
Where, in the first warm rays of March, it sprung
Amid dissolving snow :—save these mere specks
Of earliest verdure, with a few pale flowers,
In other years bright blowing soon as earth
Unveils her face, and a faint vermil tinge
On clumps of maple of the softer kind,
Was nothing visible to give to May,
Though far advanced, an aspect more like her's
Than like November's universal gloom.
All day, beneath the sheltering hovel, stood
The drooping herd, or lingered near to ask
The food of winter. A few lonely birds,

Of those that in this northern clime remain
Throughout the year, and in the dawn of spring,
At pleasant noon, from their unknown retreat,
Come suddenly to view with lively notes,
Or those that soonest to this clime return
From warmer regions, in thick groves were seen,
But with their feathers ruffled, and despoiled
Of all their glossy lustre, sitting mute,
Or only skipping, with a single chirp,
In quest of food. Whene'er the heavy clouds,
That half way down the mountain side oft hung,
As if o'erloaded with their watery store,
Were parted, though with motion unobserved,
Through their dark opening, white with snow appeared
Its lowest, e'en its cultivated, peaks.
With sinking heart the husbandman surveyed
The melancholy scene, and much his fears
On famine dwelt; when, suddenly awaked
At the first glimpse of daylight, by the sound,
Long time unheard, of cheerful martins, near
His window, round their dwelling chirping quick,
With spirits by hope enlivened, up he sprung
To look abroad, and to his joy beheld
A sky without the remnant of a cloud.
From gloom to gaiety and beauty bright
So rapid now the universal change,
The rude survey it with delight refined,
And e'en the thoughtless talk of thanks devout.
Long swoln in drenching rain, seeds, germs, and buds,
Start at the touch of vivifying beams.
Moved by their secret force, the vital lymph

Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and field
A flood of verdure. Clothed, in one short week,
Is naked nature in her full attire.
On the first morn, light as an open plain
Is all the woodland, filled with sunbeams, poured
Through the bare tops, on yellow leaves below,
With strong reflection: on the last, 'tis dark
With full-grown foliage, shading all within.
In one short week, the orchard buds and blooms;
And now, when steeped in dew or gentle showers,
It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze,
Or all the tranquil atmosphere perfumes.
E'en from the juicy leaves, of sudden growth,
And the rank grass of steaming ground, the air,
Filled with a watery glimmering, receives
A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays.
Each day are heard, and almost every hour,
New notes to swell the music of the groves.
And soon the latest of the feathered train
At evening twilight come;—the lonely snipe,
O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,
Invisible, but, with faint, tremulous tones,
Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head;—
And, in mid-air, the sportive night-hawk, seen
Flying awhile at random, uttering oft
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake
Of level pinions, dark, but, when upturned,
Against the brightness of the western sky,
One white plume showing in the midst of each,
Then far down diving with loud hollow sound;—
And, deep at first within the distant wood,

The whip-poor-will, her name her only song,
She, soon as children from the noisy sport
Of hooping, laughing, talking with all tones,
To hear the echoes of the empty barn,
Are by her voice diverted, and held mute,
Comes to the margin of the nearest grove ;
And when the twilight, deepened into night,
Calls them within, close to the house she comes,
And on its dark side, haply on the step
Of unfrequented door, lighting unseen,
Breaks into strains articulate and clear,
The closing sometimes quickened as in sport.
Now, animate throughout, from morn to eve
All harmony, activity, and joy,
Is lovely Nature, as in her blest prime.
The robin to the garden, or green yard,
Close to the door repairs to build again
Within her wonted tree ; and at her work
Seems doubly busy, for her past delay.
Along the surface of the winding stream,
Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim ;
Or round the borders of the spacious lawn
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
Hillock and fence, with motion serpentine,
Easy and light. One snatches from the ground
A downy feather, and then upward springs,
Followed by others, but oft drops it soon,
In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,
When all at once dart at the falling prize.
The flippant blackbird, with light yellow crown,
Hangs fluttering in the air, and chatters thick

Till her breath fail, when, breaking off, she drops
On the next tree, and on its highest limb,
Or some tall flag, and, gently rocking, sits,
Her strain repeating.

VERNAL MELODY IN THE FOREST.

WITH sonorous notes
Of every tone, mixed in confusion sweet,
All chanted in the fulness of delight,
The forest rings. Where, far around enclosed
With bushy sides, and covered high above
With foliage thick, supported by bare trunks,
Like pillars rising to support a roof,
It seems a temple vast, the space within
Rings loud and clear with thrilling melody.
Apart, but near the choir, with voice distinct,
The merry mocking-bird together links
In one continued song their different notes,
Adding new life and sweetness to them all.
Hid under shrubs, the squirrel, that in fields
Frequents the stony wall and briery fence,
Here chirps so shrill that human feet approach
Unheard till just upon him, when, with cries
Sudden and sharp, he darts to his retreat,
Beneath the mossy hillock or aged tree ;
But oft, a moment after, re-appears,

First peeping out, then starting forth at once
With a courageous air, yet in his pranks
Keeping a watchful eye, nor venturing far,
Till left unheeded.

SEPTEMBER.

THE sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year ;—
All mildness, soothing loneliness and peace ;
The fading season ere the falling come,
More sober than the buxom blooming May,
And therefore less the favorite of the world,
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.
'Tis now far spent ; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling with attempered beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,
Checkered by one night's frost with various hues,
While yet no wind has' swept a leaf away,
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees,
That, singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,
Adorn the shores ; to see, perhaps, the side
Of some high mount reflected far below

With its bright colors, intermixed with spots
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad
To wander in the open fields, and hear,
E'en at this hour, the noon-day hardly past,
The lulling insects of the summer's night ;
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,
A lonely bee, long roving here and there,
To find a single flower, but all in vain ;
Then, rising quick, and with a louder hum,
In widening circles round and round his head,
Straight by the listener flying clear away,
As if to bid the fields a last adieu ;
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,
Late full of music, nothing, save, perhaps,
The sound of nut-shells, by the squirrel dropped
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

ANDREWS NORTON.

SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

THE rain is o'er. How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky !

In grateful silence, earth receives
The general blessing ; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale ;
The wind flows cool ; the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest, to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth ; from off the scene
Its floating veil of mist is flung ;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung,

Now gaze on Nature—yet the same—
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand

Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below, above ;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence ; low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And 'mid this living light expire.

BURY ME WITH MY FATHERS.

O NE'ER upon my grave be shed
The bitter tears of sinking age,
That mourns its cherished comforts dead,
With grief no human hopes assuage.

When, through the still and gazing street,
My funeral winds its sad array,
Ne'er may a father's faltering feet
Lead, with slow steps, the churchyard way.

'Tis a dread sight—the sunken eye,
The look of calm and fixed despair,
And the pale lips that breathe no sigh,
But quiver with th' unuttered prayer.

Ne'er may a mother hide her tears,
As the mute circle spreads around,
Or, turning from my grave, she hears
The clod fall fast with heavy sound.

Ne'er may she know the sinking heart,
The dreary loneliness of grief,
When all is o'er, when all depart,
And cease to yield their sad relief ;

Nor, entering in my vacant room,
Feel, in its chill and heavy air,
As if the dampness of the tomb
And spirits of the dead were there.

O welcome, though with care and pain,
The power to glad a parent's heart ;
To bid a parent's joys remain,
And life's approaching ills depart.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

Two swallows, having flown into church during divine service, were apostrophised in the following stanzas:—

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays ;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
 I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

A DEMON'S FALSE DESCRIPTION OF HIS RA- OF FALLEN INTELLIGENCES.

A SCENE FROM HADAD.

Tamar. I SHUDDER,
Lest some dark Minister be near us now.
Hadad. You wrong them. They are bright Intelligences
Robbed of some native splendor, and cast down,
'Tis true, from heaven ; but not deformed, and foul,
Revengeful, malice-working fiends, as fools
Suppose. They dwell, like princes, in the clouds ;
Sun their bright pinions in the middle sky ;
Or arch their palaces beneath the hills,
With stones inestimable studded so,
That sun or stars were useless there.

Tam. Good heavens !

Had. He bad me look on rugged Caucasus,
Crag piled on crag beyond the utmost ken,
Naked, and wild, as if creation's ruins

ere heaped in one immeasurable chain
 barren mountains, beaten by the storms
 everlasting winter. But within
 e glorious palaces, and doines of light,
 adiate halls, and crystal colonnades,
 ults set with gems, the purchase of a crown,
 azing with lustre past the noon-tide beam,
 , with a milder beauty, mimicking
 e mystic signs of changeful Mazzaroth.

Tam. Unheard-of splendor !

Had. There they dwell, and muse,
 and wander ; Beings beautiful, immortal,
 nds vast as heaven, capacious as the sky,
 hose thoughts connect past, present, and to come,
 and glow with light intense, imperishable.
 us, in the sparry chambers of the sea
 nd air-pavilions, rainbow tabernacles,
 ey study Nature's secrets, and enjoy
 o poor dominion.

Tam. Are they beautiful,
 and powerful far beyond the human race ?

Had. Man's feeble heart cannot conceive it. When
 he sage described them, fiery eloquence
 owed from his lips, his bosom heaved, his eyes
 rew bright and mystical ; moved by the theme,
 ke one who feels a deity within.

Tam. Wondrous !—What intercourse have they with men ?

Had. Sometimes they deign to intermix with man,
 ut oft with woman.

Tam. Hah ! with woman ?

Had. She

Attracts them with her gentler virtues, soft,
And beautiful, and heavenly, like themselves.
They have been known to love her with a passion
Stronger than human.

Tam. That surpasses all
You yet have told me.

Had. This the sage affirms ;
And Moses, darkly.

Tam. How do they appear ?
How manifest their love ?

Had. Sometimes 'tis spiritual, signified
By beatific dreams, or more distinct
And glorious apparition.—They have stooped
To animate a human form, and love
Like mortals.

Tam. Frightful to be so beloved !
Who could endure the horrid thought !—What makes
Thy cold hand tremble ? or is't mine
That feels so deathly ?

Had. Dark imaginations haunt me
When I recall the dreadful interview.

Tam. O, tell them not—I would not hear them.

Had. But why condemn a Spirit's love ? so high,
So glorious, if he haply deigned ?—

Tam. Forswear
My Maker ! love a Demon ;

Had. No—O, no—
My thoughts but wandered—Oft, alas ! they wander.

Tam. Why dost thou speak so sadly now ?—and lo !
Thine eyes are fixed again upon Arcturus.
Thus ever, when thy drooping spirits ebb,

Thou gazest on that star. Hath it the power
To cause or cure thy melancholy mood?—

[*He appears lost in thought.*]

Tell me, ascrib'st thou influence to the stars?

Had. (*starting*) The stars! What know'st thou of the
stars?

Tam. I know that they were made to rule the night.

Had. Like palace lamps! thou echoest well thy grandsire.
Woman! the stars are living, glorious,
Amazing, infinite!

Tam. Speak not so wildly.—
I know them numberless, resplendent, set
As symbols of the countless, countless years
That make eternity.

Had. Eternity!—
Oh! mighty, glorious, miserable thought!—
Had ye endured like those great sufferers,
Like them, seen ages, myriad ages roll;
Could ye but look into the void abyss
With eyes experienced, unobscured by torments,—
Then mightst thou name it, name it feelingly.

Tam. What ails thee, Hadad?—Draw me not so close.

Had. Tamar! I need thy love—more than thy love—

Tam. Thy cheek is wet with tears—Nay, let us part—
'Tis late—I cannot, must not linger.—

[*Breaks from him, and exit.*]

Had. Loved and abhorred!—Still, still accursed!—

[*He paces, twice or thrice, up and down, with
passionate gestures; then turns his face to
the sky, and stands a moment in silence.*]

—Oh ! where,

In the illimitable space, in what
Profound of untried misery, when all
His worlds, his rolling orbs of light, that fill
With life and beauty yonder infinite,
Their radiant journey run, for ever set,
Where, where, in what abyss shall I be groaning ?

[*Exit.*]

CHANT.

FROM "PERCY'S MASQUE."

O, HOLY VIRGIN, call thy child ;
Her spirit longs to be with thee ;
For, threatening, lower those skies so mild,
Whose faithless day-star dawned for me.

From tears released to speedy rest,
From youthful dreams which all beguiled,
To quiet slumber on thy breast,
O, holy Virgin, call thy child.

Joy from my darkling soul is fled,
And haggard phantoms haunt me wild ;
Despair assails, and Hope is dead :
O, holy Virgin, call thy child.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM,

Written on reading an account of the opinions of a deaf and dumb child, before she had received instruction. She was afraid of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

AND didst thou fear the queen of night,

Poor mute and musing child ?

She who, with pure and silver light,

Gladdens the loneliest wild ?

Yet her the savage marks serene,

Chequering his clay-built cabin's scene :

Her the polar natives bless,

Bowing low in gentleness,

To bathe with liquid beams their rayless night :

Her the lone sailor, while his watch he keeps,

Hails, as her fair lamp gilds the troubled deeps,

Cresting each snowy wave that o'er its fellow sweeps :

E'en the lost maniac loves her light,

Uttering to her, with fixed eye,

Wild symphonies, he knows not why.—

Sad was thy fate, my child, to see,

In nature's gentlest friend, a foe severe to thee.

* * * * *

Being of lonely thought, the world to thee
 Was a deep maze, and all things moving on
 In darkness and in mystery. But He,
 Who made these beauteous forms that fade anon,
What was He?—From thy brow the roses fled
 At that eternal question, fathomless and dread !

O, snatched from ignorance and pain,
 And taught, with seraph eye,
 At yon unmeasured orbs to gaze,
 And trace, amid their quenchless blaze,
 Thine own high destiny !
 For ever bless the hands that burst thy chain,
 And led thy doubtful steps to learning's hallowed fane.

Though from thy guarded lips may press
 No word of gratitude or tenderness,—
 In the startling tear, the glowing cheek,
 With tuneful tongue, the *soul* can speak ;
 Her tone is in the sigh,
 Her language in the eye,
 Her voice of harmony, a life of praise,
 Well understood by Him who notes our searching ways.

The tomb shall burst thy fetters. Death sublime
 Shall bear away the seal of time,
 So long in woe bewailed !
 Thou, who no melody of earth hast known,
 Nor chirp of birds, their wind-rocked cell that rear,
 Nor waters murmuring lone,

Nor organ's solemn peal, nor viol clear,
Nor warbling breath of man, that joins the hymning sphere—
 Can speech of mortals tell
 What tides of bliss shall swell,
If the *first* summons to thy wakened ear
Should be the plaudits of thy Saviour's love,
The full, enraptured choir of the redeemed above?

THE LAST EVENING BEFORE ETERNITY.

By this, the sun his westering car drove low :
Round his broad wheel full many a lucid cloud
Floated, like happy isles, in seas of gold :
Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,
Turrets and towers, whose fronts, embattled, gleamed .
With yellow light : smit by the slanting ray,
A ruddy beam the canopy reflected ;
With deeper light the ruby blushed ; and thick
Upon the seraphs' wings the glowing spots
Seemed drops of fire. Uncoiling from its staff,
With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung,
Or, swelling with the swelling breeze, by fits
Cast off, upon the dewy air, huge flakes
Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,
The heavenly legions, the assembled world,

Evening her crimson tint for ever drew.

* * * * *

Round I gazed,
Where, in the purple west, no more to dawn,
Faded the glories of the dying day.
Mild twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud
The solitary star of evening shone.
While gazing wistful on that peerless light,
Thereafter to be seen no more, (as, oft
In dreams, strange images will mix,) sad thoughts
Passed o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, Farewell,
Pale, beauteous planet, that display'st so soft,
Amid yon glowing streak, thy transient beam,
A long, a last farewell ! Seasons have changed,
Ages and empires rolled, like smoke, away ;
But thou, unaltered, beam'st as silver fair
As on thy birthnight. Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hailed thy gem
With secret transport. Natal star of love,
And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray !
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheered
The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison !

I. McLELLAN, JUN.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
 That ring so gaily in Spring's budding woods,
 And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
 And lonely copses of the Summer-time,
 And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
 Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
 With any of the ills of human life ;
 If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
 Of brethren gone to that far distant land
 To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
 The gayest and the gravest, all alike,—
 Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
 The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir ! The unquiet finch
 Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren

Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dog-wood's snowy flowers,
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring, the robin comes ;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves,—then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree,
Close at the corn-field edge.

Lone whippoorwill,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant

Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem when the world is still :
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds, deep slumbers, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.
I hear thee oft at midnight, when the thrush
And the green, roving linnet are at rest,
And the blithe, twittering swallows have long ceased
Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The sabbath silence of the wilderness :
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters ! Thou art king
Of the blue lake ; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye ! Thou lookest down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide ;
And, poisoning thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart, like a spectre of the night, and hear

Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, would'st thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,
And find them midst those many-colored birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

"There is no life more pleasant than the life of the well-governed angler."—*Isaac Walton.*

WHEN first the flame of day
Crimsons the sea-like mist,
And from the valley rolls away
The haze, by the sunbeam kissed,
Then to the lonely woods I pass,
With angling rod and line,
While yet the dew-drops, in the grass,
Like flashing diamonds shine.

How vast the mossy forest-halls,
 Silent, and full of gloom !
Through the high roof the daybeam falls,
 Like torch-light in a tomb.
The old trunks of trees rise round
 Like pillars in a church of old,
And the wind fills them with a sound
 As if a bell were tolled.

Where falls the noisy stream,
 In many a bubble bright,
Along whose grassy margin gleam
 Flowers gaudy to the sight,
There silently I stand,
 Watching my angle play,
And eagerly draw to the land
 My speckled prey.

Oft, ere the carrion bird has left
 His eyrie, the dead tree,
Or ere the eagle's wing hath cleft
 The cloud in heaven's blue sea,
Or ere the lark's swift pinion speeds
 To meet the misty day,
My foot hath shaken the bending reeds,
 My rod sought out its prey.

And when the Twilight, with a blush
 Upon her cheek, goes by,
And Evening's universal hush
 Fills all the darkened sky,

And steadily the tapers burn
In villages far away,
Then from the lonely stream I turn
And from the forests gray.

HYMN OF THE CHEROKEE INDIAN.

They waste us; ay, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go,
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

BRYANT.

LIKE the shadows in the stream,
Like the evanescent gleam
Of the twilight's failing blaze,
Like the fleeting years and days,
Like all things that soon decay,
Pass the Indian tribes away.

Indian son, and Indian sire !
Lo ! the embers of your fire,
On the wigwam hearth, burn low,
Never to revive its glow ;
And the Indian's heart is ailing,
And the Indian's blood is failing.

Now the hunter's bow's unbent,
And his arrows all are spent !
Like a very little child
Is the red man of the wild ;
To his day there'll dawn no morrow ;
Therefore is he full of sorrow.

From his hills the stag is fled,
And the fallow-deer are dead,
And the wild beasts of the chase
Are a lost and perished race,
And the birds have left the mountain.
And the fishes, the clear fountain.

Indian woman, to thy breast
Closer let thy babe be pressed,
For thy garb is thin and old,
And the winter wind is cold ;
On thy homeless head it dashes ;
Round thee the grim lightning flashes.

We, the rightful lords of yore,
Are the rightful lords no more ;
Like the silver mist we fail,
Like the red leaves in the gale,—
Fail like shadows, when the dawning
Waves the bright flag of the morning.

By the river's lonely marge,
Rotting is the Indian's barge ;

And his hut is ruined now,
On the rocky mountain brow ;
The fathers' bones are all neglected,
And the children's hearts dejected.

Therefore, Indian people, flee
To the farthest western sea ;
Let us yield our pleasant land
To the stranger's stronger hand ;
Red men and their realms must sever ;
They forsake them, and for ever !

GEORGE W. DOANE.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

WHAT is that, mother?—

The lark, my child.—

The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
 When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
 And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
 Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
 Tuned, like the lark's to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—

The dove, my son.—

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
 Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
 Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
 As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
 For her distant dear one's quick return.
 Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—
 In friendship as faithful, as constant in love

What is that, mother?—

The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun.
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—

The swan, my love.—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;
He is floating down by himself to die ;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

A CHERUB.

BEAUTIFUL thing, with thine eye of light,
And thy brow of cloudless beauty bright,
Gazing for aye on the sapphire throne
Of Him who dwelleth in light, alone,

Art thou hasting now on that golden wing
With the burning seraph choir to sing?
Or stooping to earth in thy gentleness,
Our darkling path to cheer and bless.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in love,
With gentle gales from that world above,
Breathing of pureness, breathing of bliss,
Bearing our spirits away from this,
To the better thoughts, to the brighter skies,
Where heaven's unclouded sunshine lies,
Winning our hearts by a blessed guile,
With that infant look and angel smile.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in joy
With the look, with the voice, of our darling boy,
Him that was torn from the bleeding hearts,
He had twined about with his infant arts,
To dwell from sin and sorrow far,
In the golden orb of his little star—
There he rejoiceth, while we, oh! we
Long to be happy and safe as he.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in peace,
Bidding our doubts and fears to cease,
Wiping the tears that, unbidden, start
From their fountain deep, in the broken heart,
Cheering us still on our weary way,
Lest our hearts should faint, or our feet should stray,
Till, crowned for the conquest at last we shall be,
Beautiful thing! with our boy and thee!

THAT SILENT MOON.

THAT silent moon, that silent moon,
 Careering now through cloudless sky,
Oh ! who shall tell what varied scenes
 Have passed beneath her placid eye,
Since first, to light this wayward earth,
She walked in tranquil beauty forth.

How oft has guilt's unhallow'd hand,
 And superstition's senseless rite
And loud, licentious revelry,
 Profaned her pure and holy light :
Small sympathy is her's, I ween,
With sights like these, that virgin queen.

But dear to her, in summer eve,
 By rippling wave, or tufted grove,
When hand in hand is purely clasp'd,
 And heart meets heart in holy love,
To smile, in quiet loneliness,
And hear each whisper'd vow and bless.

Dispersed along the world's wide way,
 When friends are far, and fond ones rove,
How powerful she to wake the thought,
 And start the tear for those we love !

Who watch, with us, at night's pale noon,
And gaze upon that silent moon.

How powerful, too, to hearts that mourn,
The magic of that moonlight sky,
To bring again the vanish'd scenes,
The happy eves of days gone by ;
Again to bring, 'mid bursting tears,
The loved, the lost of other years.

And oft she looks, that silent moon,
On lonely eyes that wake to weep,
In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,
Or couch, whence pain has banish'd sleep :
Oh ! softly beams that gentle eye,
On those who mourn, and those who die.

But beam on whomsoe'er she will,
And fall where'er her splendor may,
There's pureness in her chasten'd light,
There's comfort in her tranquil ray :
What power is her's to soothe the heart—
What power, the trembling tear to start !

The dewy morn let others love,
Or bask them in the noontide ray ;
There's not an hour but has its charm,
From dawning light to dying day :—
But oh ! be mine a fairer boon—
That silent moon, that silent moon !

SPIRIT OF SPRING.

SPIRIT, that from the breathing south,
Art wafted hither on dewy wing,
By the soften'd light of that sunny eye,
And that voice of wild-wood melody,
And those golden tresses wantoning,
And the perfumed breath of that balmy mouth.
We know thee, Spirit of Spring—
Spirit of beauty, these thy charms, Spirit of Spring !

Spirit of Spring ! thou com'st to wake
The slumbering energies of earth ;
The zephyr's breath, to thee we owe,
Thine is the streamlet's silver flow,
And thine, the gentle flowerets' birth,
And their silence, hark ! the wild birds break,
For thy welcome, Spirit of Spring !—
Spirit of life, thy triumphs these, Spirit of Spring !

Spirit of Spring ! when the cheek is pale,
There is health in thy balmy air,
And peace in that brow of beaming bright,
And joy in that eye of sunny light,
And golden hope in that flowing hair :
Oh ! that such influence e'er should fail,
For a moment, Spirit of Spring—
Spirit of health, peace, joy and hope, Spirit of Spring !

Yet fail it must—for it comes of earth,
And it may not shame its place of birth,
Where the best can bloom but a single day,
And the fairest is first to fade away.

But oh ! there's a changeless world above,
A world of peace, and joy, and love,
Where, gather'd from the tomb,
The holy hopes that earth has cross'd,
And the pious friends that we loved and lost,
Immortally shall bloom.

Who will not watch, and strive, and pray,
That his longing soul may soar away,
On faith's untiring wing,
To join the throng of the saints in light,
In that world, for ever fair and bright,
Of endless, cloudless SPRING !

THE CLOUD BRIDGE :

A REMEMBERED VISION.

SAW ye that cloud, which arose in the west,
As the burning sun sank down to his rest,
How it spread so wide, and tower'd so high,
O'er the molten gold of that glowing sky,
That it seem'd—oh ! it seemed like some arched way,
As it beam'd and gleam'd, in that glorious ray,

Where the spirit, freed
 From its earthly weed,
 And robed in the white
 Of the saints in light,
 Might pass from the waves of sin and wo,
 To that world where ceaseless pleasures flow !

Ye saw that cloud, how it tower'd alone,
 Like an arched path o'er the billows thrown,
 How its pillars of azure and purple stood,
 And mock'd at the dash of the angry flood,
 While it beamed—oh ! it beamed from its battlements high
 As it gleam'd, and stream'd, in that western sky,
 Such a flood of mellow and golden light,
 As chain'd and fix'd the ravish'd sight,
 And pour'd, along our dark'ning way,
 The peace and joy of celestial day.

Such, as we haste to our heavenly home,
 SAVIOUR ! such be the sights that come—
 Thus, while the visions of time flit by,
 And the fashion of earth grows dim to our eye,
 Thus, let the light—oh ! the light of thy love,
 Beam bright on our sight from the mansions above—
 Rending the gloom
 Which enwraps the tomb,
 And guiding our eye
 To that world on high,
 Where the people who love thee, for ever shall share
 The rest thou hast purchased, and gone to prepare.

JOHN NEAL.

THE EAGLE.

THERE'S a fierce gray bird—with a sharpen'd beak ;
 With an angry eye, and a startling shriek :
 That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,
 On the preeipice-top—in perpetual snow—
 Where the fountains are mute, or in secrecy flow—
 That sits—where the air is shrill and bleak,
 On the splinter'd point of a shiver'd peak—
 Where the weeds lie close—and the grass sings sharp,
 To a comfortless tune—like a wintry harp—
 Bald-headed and stripp'd !—like a vulture torn
 In wind and strife !—with her feathers worn,
 And ruffled and stain'd—while scattering—bright,
 Round her serpent neck—that is writhing, bare—
 Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair !—
 Like the crest of a warrior thinn'd in the fight,
 And shorn—and bristling—see her ! where
 She sits in the glow of the sun-bright air !
 With wing half-poised—and talons bleeding—
 And kindling eye—as if her prey
 Had—suddenly—been snatch'd away—
 While she was tearing it, and feeding !

A bird that is first to worship the sun,
When he gallops in flame—'till the cloud tides run
In billows of fire—as his course is done :

Above where the fountain is gushing in light ;
Above where the torrent is forth in its might—
Like an imprison'd blaze that is bursting from night !

Or a lion that springs—with a roar from his lair !
Bounding off—all in foam—from the echoing height—
Like a rank of young war-horses—terribly bright.

Their manes all erect !—and their hoofs in the air !
The earth shaking under them—trumpets on high—
And banners unfurling away in the sky—

With the neighing of steeds ! and the streaming of hair
Above where the silvery flashing is seen—

The striping of waters, that skip o'er the green,
And soft spongy moss, where the fairies have been,
Bending lovely and bright in the young morning's eye,
Like ribands of flame—or the bow of the sky :

Above that dark torrent—above that bright stream—
The gay ruddy fount, with the changeable gleam,

Where the lustre of heaven eternally plays—
The voice may be heard—of the thunderer's bird,
Calling out to her god in a clear, wild scream,
As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam,

While her young are laid out in his rich red blaze ;

And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays :
Proud bird of the cliff ! where the barren-yew springs—
Where the sunshine stays—and the wind-harp sings,
Where the heralds of battle sit—pluming their wings—
A scream ! she's awake !—over hill-top and flood ;
A crimson light runs !—like the gushing of blood—

Over valley and rock !—over mountain and wood
That bird is abroad—in the van of her brood !

* * * * *

* * * * * The Bird that laves

Her sounding pinions in the sun's first gush—
Drinks his meridian blaze and sunset flush :
Worships her idol in his fiercest hour :
Bathes her full bosom in his hottest shower :
Sits amid stirring stars, and bends her beak,
Like the slipp'd falcon—when her piercing shriek
Tells that she stoops upon her cleaving wing,
To drink anew some victim's clear-red spring.
That monarch Bird ! that slumbers in the night
Upon the lofty air-peak's utmost height :
Or sleeps upon the wing—amid the ray
Of steady—cloudless—everlasting day !
Rides with the Thunderer in his blazing march :
And bears his lightnings o'er yon boundless arch :
Soars wheeling through the storm, and screams away
Where the young pinions of the morning play.

AMBITION.

I LOVED to hear the war-horn cry,
And panted at the drum's deep roll ;
And held my breath, when—flaming high—
I saw our starry banners fly,
As challenging the haughty sky,
They went like battle o'er my soul :

For I was so ambitious then,
I burn'd to be the slave—of men.

I stood and saw the morning light,
A standard swaying far and free ;
And loved it like the conqu'ring flight
Of angels floating wide and bright
Above the stars, above the fight
Where nations warr'd for liberty.
And thought I heard the battle cry
Of trumpets in the hollow sky.

I sail'd upon the dark-blue deep :
And shouted to the eaglet soaring ;
And hung me from a rocking steep,
When all but spirits were asleep ;
And oh, my very soul would leap
To hear the gallant waters roaring ;
For every sound and shape of strife
To me, was but the breath of life.

But, I am strangely alter'd now—
I love no more the bugle voice—
The rushing wave—the plunging prow—
The mountain with his clouded brow—
The thunder when his blue skies bow,
And all the sons of God rejoice—
I love to dream of tears and sighs,
And shadowy hair and half-shut eyes.

HENRY PICKERING.

I THOUGHT IT SLEPT.

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

I SAW the infant cherub—soft it lay,
 As it was wont, within its cradle, now
 Deck'd with sweet-smelling flowers. A sight so strange
 Fill'd my young breast with wonder, and I gazed
 Upon the babe the more. I thought it slept—
 And yet its little bosom did not move !
 I bent me down to look into its eyes,
 But they were closed : then, softly clasp'd its hand,
 But mine it would not clasp. What should I do ?
 “ Wake, brother, wake ! ” I then impatient cried.
 “ Open thine eyes, and look on me again ! ”
 He would not hear my voice. All pale beside
 My weeping mother sat, “ and gazed and look'd
 Unutterable things.” Will he not wake ?
 I eager ask'd : She answer'd but with tears.
 Her eyes on me, at length, with piteous look

Were cast—now on the babe once more were fix'd—
 And now on me : then with convulsive sigh
 And throbbing heart, she clasp'd me in her arms,
 And in a tone of anguish faintly said—
 “ My dearest boy ! thy brother does not sleep ;
 Alas ! he's dead ; he never will awake.”
 He's dead ! I knew not what it meant, but more
 To know I sought not. For the words so sad,
 “ He never will awake”—sunk in my soul :
 I felt a pang unknown before, and tears
 That angels might have shed, my heart dissolved.*

TO THE FRINGILLA MELODIA.†

Joy fills the vale,
 With joy ecstatic quivers every wing,
 As floats thy note upon the genial gale,
 Sweet bird of spring !

The violet
 Awakens at thy song, and peers from out
 Its fragrant nook, as if the season yet
 Remain'd in doubt—

* From this little tale of unaffected childish sorrow, Mr. Agate (an estimable young artist of New York) has produced a very touching picture. It was exhibited during the last season, at the National Academy in that city.

† The song-sparrow.

While from the rock
The columbine its crimson bell suspends,
That careless vibrates, as its slender stalk
The zephyr bends.

Say ! when the blast
Of winter swept our whiten'd plains,—what clime,
What sunnier realm thou charm'dst,—and how was past
Thy joyous time ?

Did the green isles
Detain thee long ? or, 'mid the palmy groves
Of the bright south, where liberty now smiles,
Did'st sing thy loves ?

O, well I know
Why thou art here thus soon, and why the bowers
So near the sun have lesser charms than now
Our land of flowers :

Thou art return'd
On a glad errand,—to rebuild thy nest,
And fan anew the gentle fires that burn'd
Within thy breast.

And thy wild strain,
Pour'd on the gale, is love's transporting voice—
That, calling on the plummy choir again,
Bids them rejoice :

Nor calls alone
T' enjoy, but bids improve the fleeting hour—
Bids all that ever heard love's witching tone,
Or felt his power.

The poet too,
It soft invokes to touch the trembling wire ;
Yet ah, how few its sounds shall list, how few
His song admire !

But thy sweet lay,
Thou darling of the spring ! no ear disdains ;
Thy sage instructress, Nature, says " Be gay !" : .
And prompts thy strains.

O, if I knew
Like thee to sing, like thee the heart to fire,—
Youth should enchanted throng, and beauty sue
To hear my lyre.

Oft as the year
In gloom is wrapp'd, thy exile I shall mourn—
Oft as the spring returns, shall hail sincere
Thy glad return.

RUFUS DAWES.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight :
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there ;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight ;
Then she mounts again, and around her flings
A shower of light from her purple wings,
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high
That silently fills it with ecstasy !

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet ;
She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip,
That smiles, as it curls, like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy ;
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold,
She paints a border of crimson and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has pass'd away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power ;
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream :—
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere !

MRS. HALE.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
 And thy spirit will sigh to roam ;
 And thou must go ; but never, when there,
 Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
 It dazzles to lead astray :
 Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,
 When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
 And pure as vestal fire :
 'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,
 For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,
 And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;
 But when sails are shiver'd and rudder lost,
 Then look to the light of home ;—

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright ;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name ;
But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come !
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

ROSALIE.*

THERE sits a woman on the brow
Of yonder rocky height ;
There, gazing o'er the waves below,
She sits from morn till night.

She heeds not how the mad waves leap
Along the rugged shore ;
She looks for one upon the deep
She never may see more.

Far other once was Rosalie ;
Her smile was glad ; her voice,
Like music o'er a summer sea,
Said to the heart—Rejoice.

Nine years—though all have given him o'er,
Her spirit doth not fail ;
And still she waits along the shore
The never-coming sail.

On that high rock, abrupt and bare,
Ever she sits, as now ;
The dews have damped her flowing hair ;
The sun has scorched her brow.

And every far-off sail she sees,
And every passing cloud,
Or white-winged sea-bird, on the breeze,
She calls to it aloud.

The sea-bird answers to her cry,
The cloud, the sail float on ;
The hoarse wave mocks her misery,
Yet is her hope not gone.

When falling dews the clover steep,
And birds are in their nest,
And flower-buds folded up to sleep,
And ploughmen gone to rest,—

Down the rude track her feet have worn—
There scarce the goat may go—
Poor Rosalie, with look forlorn,
Is seen descending slow.

But when the gray morn tints the sky,
And lights that lofty peak,—
With a strange lustre in her eye,
A fever in her cheek,—

Again she goes, untired, to sit,
And watch, the live-long day ;
Nor, till the star of eve is lit,
E'er turns her steps away.*

THE DYING GIRL.†

SISTER, death's veil is gathering fast ;
The chilly seal has marked my brow ;
This young heart's mournful dream is past ;
The golden cords are severing now.

* This poem is generally attributed to Mrs. Wells ; she writes with sweetness and simplicity.—ED.

† From Mrs. Hale's Magazine.

The spirit of the tear-gemmed throne
Bounds o'er me with angelic light;
And Mercy, on Love's wings, hath flown
To guide my soul's mysterious flight.

I leave thee, sister,—thee, the last,
A lone one, drooping 'mid the dead—
A bud, o'er whose pale leaf is cast
The blight, from Sorrow's pinion shed.

If from the blessed realms of light,
Love still may own its mortal birth,
May soften still Affliction's night,
Thou shalt not, sister, pine on earth.

For where the young buds' dewy fold
Flings hallowed incense on the air,
Where they once met who now are cold,
This soul of mine shall meet thee there.

Kneel thou beside my lonely grave,
When summer breezes o'er it sweep,
When yon proud orb, that gilds the wave,
Sinks glorious to his ocean sleep.

Kneel, and the vow thou breathest there,
At that lone hour, shall float on high,—
Spirits of light shall bless thy prayer,
The dead, the crowned, shall greet thy sigh.

And now, farewell ! Strange music floats,
Like angel breathings, round my heart.
Are those the Avenger's awful notes ?
The signal tones, that life must part ?

Yes, yes,—the One, the God, who sways
Creation's depths, hath bid me come
To seek the realms that hymn His praise,
The franchised soul's eternal home.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

IN a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where nature had fashion'd a soft, sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence roll'd gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonish'd the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight ;
Here the wild flow'ret blossom'd, the elm proudly waved,
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fix'd his murky abode,
Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder, and lightning, and storm ;

All flush'd from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encounter'd the children of flame,
While the noise of the war-hoop still rang in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears :

With a glance of disgust, he the landscape survey'd,
With its fragrant wild flowers ; its wide waving shade ;—
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low ;
He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow ;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurl'd down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since roll'd in the long lapse of time—
Cultivation has softened those features sublime ;
The axe of the white man has lighten'd the shade,
And dispell'd the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes, with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high ;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosom'd in foam.

S. GRAHAM.

A HOME EVERYWHERE.

HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave,
And blow, thou boisterous wind ;
Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
Our home and friends behind.

Away, away we steer,
Upon the ocean's breast ;
And dim the distant heights appear,
Like clouds along the west.

There is a loneliness
Upon the mighty deep ;
And hurried thoughts upon us press,
As onwardly we sweep.

Our home—O, heavens—that word !
A name without a thing !
We are e'en as a lonely bird,
Whose home is on the wing.

My wife and little one
Are with me as I go ;
And they are all, beneath the sun,
I have of weal or woe.

With them, upon the sea,
Or land, where'er I roam,
My all on earth is still with me,
And I am still at home.

Heave, mighty ocean, heave,
And blow, thou boisterous wind :
Where'er we go, we cannot leave
Our home and friends behind.

Then come, my lovely bride,
And come, my child of woe ;
Since we have nought on earth beside,
What matters where we go ?

We heed not earthly powers,
We heed not wind nor weather ;
For, come what will, this joy is ours—
We share it still together.

And if the storms are wild,
And we perish in the sea,
We'll clasp each other and our child :
One grave shall hold the three.

And neither shall remain
To meet, and bear alone,
The cares, the injuries, the pain,
That we, my love, have known.

And there's a sweeter joy,
Wherever we may be ;
Danger nor death can e'er destroy
Our trust, O God, in thee.

Then wherefore should we grieve ?
Or what have we to fear ?
Though home, and friends, and life, we leave,
Our God is ever near.

If He who made all things,
And rules them, is our own,
Then every grief and trial brings
Us nearer to his throne.

Then come, my gentle bride,
And come, my child of love ;
What if we've nought on earth beside ?
Our portion is above.

Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep ;
Ye winds, blow foul or fair ;
Our God is with us on the deep,
Our home is everywhere.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

SUNSET.

FROM THE BACKWOODSMAN OF JAMES K. PAULDING.

'Twas sunset's hallow'd time—and such an eve
Might almost tempt an angel heaven to leave.
Never did brighter glories greet the eye,
Low in the warm and ruddy western sky :
Nor the light clouds at summer eve unfold
More varied tints of purple, red, and gold.
Some in the pure, translucent, liquid breast
Of crystal lake, fast anchor'd seem'd to rest,
Like golden islets scattered far and wide,
By elfin skill in fancy's fabled tide,
Where, as wild eastern legends idly feign,
Fairy, or genii, hold despotic reign.
Others, like vessels gilt with burnish'd gold,
Their flitting airy way are seen to hold,
All gallantly equipp'd with streamers gay,
While hands unseen, or chance directs their way ;

Around, athwart, the pure ethereal tide,
With swelling purple sail, they rapid glide,
Gay as the bark, where Egypt's wanton queen
Reclining on the shaded deck was seen,
At which as gazed the uxorious Roman fool,
The subject world slipt from his dotard rule.
Anon, the gorgeous scene begins to fade,
And deeper hues the ruddy skies invade ;
The haze of gathering twilight nature shrouds,
And pale, and paler, wax the changeful clouds.
Then sunk the breeze into a breathless calm,
The silent dews of evening dropt like balm ;
The hungry nighthawk from his lone haunt hies,
To chase the viewless insect through the skies ;
The bat began his lantern-loving flight,
The lonely whirp-poor-will, our bird of night,
Ever unseen, yet ever seeming near,
His shrill note quaver'd in the startled ear ;
The buzzing beetle forth did gaily hie,
With idle hum, and careless blundering eye ;
The little trusty watchman of pale night,
The fire-fly trimm'd anew his lamp so bright,
And took his merry airy circuit round.
The sparkling meadows' green and fragrant bound,
Where blossom'd clover, bathed in balmy dew,
In fair luxuriance, sweetly blushing, grew.

EDWARD EVERETT.

DIRGE OF ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

Alaric stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course, that the body might be interred.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear ;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose ;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes ;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest ;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place for ever there :
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings ;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods, that gave them birth ;—
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth :
For, e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain tide,
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot ;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look ;
And, now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world, in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empire kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car ;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And, in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp

I poured the torrent of my powers,

And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help,

In vain, within their seven-hilled towers ;

I quenched in blood the brightest gem

That glittered in their diadem,

And struck a darker, deeper die

In the purple of their majesty,

And bade my northern banners shine

Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done ;

I go to Him from whom I came ;

But never yet shall set the sun

Of glory that adorns my name ;

And Roman hearts shall long be sick,

When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done ;

But darker ministers of fate,

Impatient, round the eternal throne,

And in the caves of vengeance, wait ;

And soon mankind shall blench away

Before the name of Attila.

TO A SISTER.

YES, dear one, to the envied train
Of those around thy homage pay ;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away ?
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
For many years I may not see ;
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
My sister dear, remember me ?

But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all,—
O, think not, think not of me there.
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but, loveliest, ne'er,
When, in his orbit fair and high,
The morning's glowing charioteer
Rides proudly up the blushing sky ;
But when the waning moon-beam sleeps
At moon-light on that lonely lea,
And nature's pensive spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower ;
But when the falling leaf is scar,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,
The hour when, on the gentle lake,
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling, to the margin break ;
But when the deaf'ning billows foam
In madness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them, and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join
If haply some thy friends should praise ;
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine
To echo what the stranger says.
They know us not—but shouldst thou meet
Some faithful friend of me and thee,
Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind or meet,
That thought thy pleasure should alloy ;

But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
On thee for ever, ever dwell,
With anxious heart and drooping eye,
And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell ;
But in thy calm, unclouded heart,
Where dark and gloomy visions flee,
Oh there, my sister, be my part,
And kindly there remember me.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

ON SEEING AN EAGLE PASS NEAR ME IN
AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

SAIL on, thou lone imperial bird,
 Of quenchless eye and tireless wing;
 How is thy distant coming heard
 As the night's breezes round thee ring!
 Thy course was 'gainst the burning sun
 In his extremest glory! How!
 Is thy unequalled daring done,
 Thou stoop'st to earth so lowly now?

Or hast thou left thy rocking dome,
 Thy roaring crag, thy lightning pine,
 To find some secret, meaner home,
 Less stormy and unsafe than thine?
 Else why thy dusky pinions bend
 So closely to this shadowy world,
 And round thy scorching glances send,
 As wishing thy broad pens were furled?

Yet lonely is thy shattered nest,
Thy evry desolate, though high ;
And lonely thou, alike, at rest,
Or soaring in thy upper sky.
The golden light that bathes thy plumes,
On thine interminable flight,
Falls cheerless on earth's desert tombs,
And makes the North's ice-mountains bright.

, So come the eagle-hearted down,
So come the proud and high to earth,
When life's night-gathering tempests frown
Over their glory and their mirth ;
So quails the mind's undying eye,
That bore unveiled fame's noontide sun ;
So man seeks solitude, to die,
His high place left, his triumphs done.

So, round the residence of power,
A cold and joyless lustre shines,
And on life's pinnacles will lower
Clouds dark as bathe the eagle's pines ;
But O, the mellow light that pours
From God's pure throne—the light that saves !
It warms the spirit as it soars,
And sheds deep radiance round our graves.

JAMES O. ROCKWELL.

THE ICEBERG.

'Twas night—our anchored vessel slept
Out on the glassy sea ;
And still as heaven the waters kept,
And golden bright—as he,
The setting sun, went sinking slow
Beneath the eternal wave ;
And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
Over the monarch's grave.

There was no motion of the air
To raise the sleeper's tress,
And no wave-building winds were there,
On ocean's loveliness ;
But ocean mingled with the sky
With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wilderer eye
To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea
Came on our steady gaze,
Save when some timorous fish stole out
To bathe in the woven blaze,—
When, flouting in the light that played
All over the resting main,
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
To his deep, blue home again.

Yet while we gazed, that sunny eve,
Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
And rending its holy sleep ;
It blushed bright red, while growing on
Our fixed, half-fearful gaze ;
But it wandered down, with its glow of light,
And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown
Together in floating flame ;
And as we looked, we named it, then,
The fount whence all colors came ;
There were rainbows furled with a careless grace,
And the brightest red that glows ;
The purple amethyst there had place,
And the hues of a full-blown rose.

And the vivid green, as the sun-lit grass
Where the pleasant rain hath been ;
And the ideal hues, that, thought-like, pass
Through the minds of fanciful men ;

They beamed full clear—and that form moved on,
Like one from a burning grave ;
And we dared not think it a real thing,
But for the rustling wave.

The sun just lingered in our view,
From the burning edge of ocean,
When by our bark that bright one passed
With a deep, disturbing motion :
The far down waters shrank away,
With a gurgling rush upheaving,
And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
Their mother's bosom leaving.

Yet as it passed our bending stern,
In its throne-like glory going,
It crushed on a hidden rock, and turned
Like an empire's overthrowing.
The uptorn waves rolled hoar,—and, huge,
The far-thrown undulations
Swelled out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
And fell like battling nations.

TO THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

GRAVE of waters gone to rest !

Jewel, dazzling all the main !

Father of the silver crest !

Wandering on the trackless plain,

Sleeping 'mid the wavy roar,

Sailing 'mid the angry storm,

Ploughing ocean's oozy floor,

Piling to the clouds thy form !

Wandering monument of rain,

Prison'd by the sullen north !

But to melt thy hated chain,

Is it that thou comest forth ?

Wend thee to the sunny south,

To the glassy summer sea,

And the breathings of her mouth

Shall unchain and gladden thee !

Roamer in the hidden path,

'Neath the green and clouded wave !

Trampling, in thy reckless wrath,

On the lost, but cherish'd brave ;

Parting love's death-link'd embrace—

Crushing beauty's skeleton—

Tell us what the hidden race

With our mourned lost have done !

Floating Sleep ! who in the sun
Art an icy coronal ;
And, beneath the viewless dun,
Throw'st o'er barks a wavy pall ;
Shining Death upon the sea !
Wend thee to the southern main
Bend to God thy melting knee,
Mingle with the wave again !

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view !
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
 And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew ;
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
 The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well !
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure ;
 For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell ;
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well ;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

MRS. GILMAN.

THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee, let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.
See, how slowly the streamlet glides ;
Look how the violet roguishly hides ;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.
Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
And the flies go about him one by one ;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.
There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily flieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy ; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud ;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH ?

“ MOTHER, how still the baby lies !
I cannot hear his breath ;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now ;
That God will bless him in the skies—
O, mother, tell me how !”

“ Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here,—
A withered worm, you thought ?

I told you that Almighty power
 Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
 Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
 An empty shell it lies ;—
Now raise your wondering glance above,
 To where yon insect flies !”

“ O, yes, mamma ! how very gay
 Its wings of starry gold !
And see ! it lightly flies away
 Beyond my gentle hold.

O, mother, now I know full well,
 If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
 On golden wings to range,—

How beautiful will brother be,
 When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
 And live with heavenly things !”

ALONZO LEWIS.

DEATH SONG.

GREAT Sassacus fled from the eastern shores,
Where the sun first shines, and the great sea roars,
For the white men came from the world afar,
And their fury burnt like the bison star.

His sannaps were slain by their thunder's power,
And his children fell like the star-eyed flower ;
His wigwams are burnt by the white man's flame,
And the home of his youth has a stranger's name—

His ancestor once was our countryman's foe,
And the arrow was placed in the new-strung bow,
The wild deer ranged through the forest free,
While we fought with his tribe by the distant sea.

But the foe never came to the Mohawk's tent,
With his hair untied, and his bow unbent,
And found not the blood of the wild deer shed,
And the calumet lit, and the bear-skin bed.

But sing ye the Death Song, and kindle the pine,
And bid its broad light like his valor to shine ;
Then raise high his pile by our warriors' heaps,
And tell to his tribe that his murderer sleeps.

THE WANDERER OF AFRICA.

HE launch'd his boat where the dark waves flow,
Through the desert that never was white with snow,
When the wind was still, and the sun shone bright,
And the stream glow'd red with the morning light.

He had sat in the cool of the palm's broad shade,
And drank of the fountain of Kafnah's glade,
When the herb was scorch'd by the sun's hot ray,
And the camel failed on his thirsty way.

And the dark maids of Sego their mats had spread,
And sung all night by the stranger's bed ;
And his sleep was sweet on that desert sand,
For his visions were far in his own loved land.

He was weary and faint in a stranger clime,
But his soul was at home as in youth's sweet time,
And he lay in the shade, by his cot's clear pool,
And the breeze which came by was refreshing and cool.

And the look of his mother was gentle and sweet,
And he heard the loved steps of his sister's light feet,
And their voices were soft and expressive and low,
Like the distant rain, or the brook's calm flow.

And this was the song which the dark maids sung,
In the beautiful strains of their own wild tongue ;
“ The stranger came far, and sat under our tree,
We will bring him sweet food, for no sister has he.”

And the stranger went forth when the night-breeze had died,
And launch'd his light bark on the Joliba's tide ;
And he waved his white kerchief to those dark maids,
As he silently enter'd the palmy shades.

And the maidens of Sego were sad and lone,
And sung their rude song, like the death spirit's moan :
“ The stranger has gone where the simoom will burn,
Alas ! for the white man will never return !”

LOUISA P. SMITH.

THE HUMA.*

FLY on, nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
 Too near our shaded earth,
 Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,
 May lose its note of mirth.
 Fly on, nor seek a place of rest
 In the home of "care-worn things :"
 'Twould dim the light of thy shining crest,
 And thy brightly burnished wings,
 To dip them where the waters glide
 That flow from a troubled earthly tide.

The fields of upper air are thine,
 Thy place where stars shine free ;
 I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,
 Above life's stormy sea.

* "A bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground."

I would never wander, bird, like thee,
 So near this place again ;
With wing and spirit once light and free,
 They should wear no more the chain
With which they are bound and fettered here,
For ever struggling for skies more clear.

There are many things like thee, bright bird ;
 Hopes as thy plumage gay ;
Our air is with them for ever stirred,
 But still in air they stay.
And Happiness, like thee, fair one,
 Is ever hovering o'er,
But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,
 On a waveless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings,
Where the fount of " living waters" springs.

THEODORE DWIGHT.

AFRICAN DISTRESS.

“ HELP! oh, help! thou God of Christians!
Save a mother from despair!
Cruel white men steal my children!
God of Christians, hear my prayer!

“ From my arms by force they're rended,
Sailors drag them to the sea;
Yonder ship, at anchor riding,
Swift will carry them from me.

“ There my son lies, stripp'd, and bleeding;
Fast, with thongs, his hands are bound.
See, the tyrants, how they scourge him!
See his sides a reeking wound.

“ See his little sister by him ;
 Quaking, trembling, how she lies !
 Drops of blood her face besprinkle ;
 Tears of anguish fill her eyes.

“ Now they tear her brother from her ;
 Down, below the deck, he's thrown ;
 Stiff with beating, through fear silent,
 Save a single, death-like, groan.”

Hear the little creature begging !—
 “ Take me, white men, for your own !
 Spare, oh, spare my darling brother !
 He's my mother's only son.

“ See, upon the shore she's raving :
 Down she falls upon the sands :
 Now, she tears her flesh with madness ;
 Now, she prays with lifted hands.

“ I am young, and strong, and hardy ;
 He's a sick, and feeble boy ;
 Take me, whip me, chain me, starve me,
 All my life I'll toil with joy.

“ Christians ! who's the God you worship ?
 Is he cruel, fierce, or good ?
 Does he take delight in mercy ?
 Or in spilling human blood ?

“Ah, my poor distracted mother !
Hear her scream upon the shore.”—
Down the savage captain struck her,
Lifeless on the vessel's floor.

Up his sails he quickly hoisted,
To the ocean bent his way ;
Headlong plunged the raving mother,
From a high rock, in the sea.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE SNOW FLAKE.

“ Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot?
And then will my course be ended?”
'Twas thus a feathery Snow-flake said,
As down through the measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

“ O, no,” said the Earth, “thou shalt not lie.
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky;
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping:
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form;
Thou’lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

“ And then thou shalt have thy choice to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness ;
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness ;—

“ To wake, and be raised from thy transient sleep,
When Viola’s mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain ;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

“ Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris I’ll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I’ll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending !”

“ Then I will drop,” said the trusting flake ;
“ But bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to awake,
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning :

For, things of thyself, they expire with thee ;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

“And if true to thy word, and just thou art.
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart.
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven ;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow.
From time to time, in thy sight to glow,
So thou may'st remember the Flake of Snow.
By the promise that God hath given.”

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

COME, mariner, down in the deep with me.
And hide thee under the wave—
For I have a bed of coral for thee ;
And quiet and sound shall thy slumbers be
In a cell in the Mermaid's cave.

On a pillow of pearls thine eye shall sleep.
And nothing disturb thee there ;
The fishes their silent vigils shall keep—
There shall be no grass thy grave to sweep
But the silk of the Mermaid's hair.

And she who is waiting with cheek so pale,
As the tempest and ocean roar ;
And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,
Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail
Come whitening up to the shore.

She has not long to linger for thee ;—
Her sorrows shall soon be o'er ;
For, the cord shall be broke and the prisoner free,
Her eye shall close ; and her dreams will be
So sweet she will wake no more !

JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

SONG.*

SLEEP, child of my love ! be thy slumber as light
 As the red birds that nestle secure on the spray ;
 Be the visions that visit thee fairy and bright
 As the dew drops that sparkle around with the ray.

O, soft flows the breath from thine innocent breast ;
 In the wild wood Sleep cradles in roses thy head ;
 But her who protects thee, a wanderer unblessed,
 He forsakes or surrounds with his phantoms of dread.

I fear for thy father ! why stays he so long
 On the shores where the wife of the giant was thrown,
 And the sailor oft lingered to hearken her song,
 So sad o'er the wave, e'er she hardened to stone.

* We cannot determine whether the authorship of this beautiful song belongs to Mr. Eastburn or Mr. Sands. From a comparison of its character with that of some other pieces by Mr. Eastburn, we should be inclined to attribute it to him. He and his friend were but youthful poets when *Yamoyden* was composed ; the former being but twenty-two, the latter only eighteen.—ED.

He skims the blue tide in his birchen canoe,
Where the foe in the moon-beams his path may descry ;
The ball to its scope may speed rapid and true,
And lost in the wave be thy father's death cry !

The Power that is round us—whose presence is near,
In the gloom and the solitude felt by the soul—
Protect that lone bark in its lonely career,
And shield *thee*, when rough life's billows shall roll !

TO PNEUMA.

TEMPESTS their furious course may sweep
Swiftly o'er the troubled deep,
Darkness may lend her gloomy aid,
And wrap the groaning world in shade ;
But man can show a darker hour,
And bend beneath a stronger power ;—
There is a tempest of the SOUL,
A gloom where wilder billows roll !

The howling wilderness may spread
Its pathless deserts, parched and dread,
Where not a blade of herbage blooms,
Nor yields the breeze its soft perfumes ;

Where Silence, Death, and Horror reign,
Unchecked, across the wide domain ;—
There is a desert of the MIND
More hopeless, dreary, undefined !

There Sorrow, moody Discontent,
And gnawing Care, are wildly blent ;
There Horror hangs her darkest clouds,
And the whole scene in gloom enshrouds ;
A sickly ray is cast around,
Where nought but dreariness is found ;
A feeling that may not be told,
Dark, rending, lonely, drear, and cold.

The wildest ills that darken life
Are rapture to the bosom's strife ;
The tempest, in its blackest form,
Is beauty to the bosom's storm ;
The ocean, lashed to fury loud,
Its high wave mingling with the cloud,
Is peaceful, sweet serenity
To passion's dark and boundless sea.

There sleeps no calm, there smiles no rest,
When storms are warring in the breast ;
There is no moment of repose
In bosoms lashed by hidden woes ;
The scorpion sting the fury rears,
And every trembling fibre tears ;
The vulture preys with bloody beak
Upon the heart that can but break !

M. FLINT.

MOUNDS ON THE WESTERN RIVERS.

THE sun's last rays were fading from the west,
The deepening shade stole slowly o'er the plain,
The evening breeze had lulled itself to rest,
And all was silence,—save the mournful strain
With which the widowed turtle wooed, in vain,
Her absent lover to her lonely nest.

Now, one by one, emerging to the sight,
The brighter stars assumed their seats on high ;
The moon's pale crescent glowed serenely bright,
As the last twilight fled along the sky,
And all her train, in cloudless majesty,
Were glittering on the dark blue vault of night.

I lingered, by some soft enchantment bound,
And gazed, enraptured, on the lovely scene ;
From the dark summit of an Indian mound
I saw the plain, outspread in living green ;
Its fringe of cliffs was in the distance seen,
And the dark line of forest sweeping round.

I saw the lesser mounds which round me rose ;
Each was a giant heap of mouldering clay ;
There slept the warriors, women, friends, and foes,
There, side by side, the rival chieftains lay ;
And mighty tribes, swept from the face of day,
Forgot their wars, and found a long repose.

Ye mouldering relics of departed years,
Your names have perished ; not a trace remains,
Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears
From the green bosom of your native plains.
Say, do your spirits wear Oblivion's chains ?
Did Death for ever quench your hopes and fears ?

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Or did those fairy hopes of future bliss,
Which simple Nature to your bosoms gave,
Find other worlds, with fairer skies than this,
Beyond the gloomy portals of the grave,
In whose bright climes the virtuous and the brave
Rest from their toils, and all their cares dismiss ?—

Where the great hunter still pursues the chase,
And, o'er the sunny mountains, tracks the deer ;
Or where he finds each long-extinguished race,
And sees, once more, the mighty mammoth rear
The giant form which lies embedded here,
Of other years the sole remaining trace.

Or, it may be, that still ye linger near
The sleeping ashes, once your dearest pride ;
And, could your forms to mortal eye appear,
Or the dark veil of death be thrown aside,
Then might I see your restless shadows glide,
With watchful care, around these relics dear.

If so, forgive the rude, unhallowed feet
Which trod so thoughtless o'er your mighty dead.
I would not thus profane their lone retreat,
Nor trample where the sleeping warrior's head
Lay pillowed on his everlasting bed,
Age after age, still sunk in slumbers sweet.

Farewell ! and may you still in peace repose ;
Still o'er you may the flowers, untrodden, bloom,
And softly wave to every breeze that blows,
Casting their fragrance on each lonely tomb,
In which your tribes sleep in earth's common womb,
And mingle with the clay from which they rose.

LINES ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,
Now verdant with the depth of shade,
Beneath the white-armed sycamore,
There is a little infant laid.
Forgive this tear. A Brother weeps.
'Tis there the faded floweret sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
And summer's forests o'er her wave ;
And sighing winds at autumn moan
Around the little stranger's grave,
As though they murmured at the fate
Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like Sorrow's own,
Their funeral dirges faintly creep ;
Then, deep'ning to an organ tone,
In all their solemn cadence sweep,
And pour, unheard, along the wild,
Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and passed. Can I forget,
How we, whose hearts had hailed her birth,
Ere three autumnal suns had set,
Consigned her to her mother Earth !
Joys and their memories pass away ;
But griefs are deeper traced than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell,
We heaped the soft mould on her breast,
And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell
Upon her lonely place of rest.
May angels guard it ;—may they bless
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone ;
For, all unheard, on yonder shore,
The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
At evening lifts its solemn roar,
As, in one broad, eternal tide,
Its rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
There is no stone, with graven lie,
To tell of love and virtue blent
In one almost too good to die.
We needed no such useless trace
To point us to her resting place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone ;

But, midst the tears of April showers,
The genius of the wild hath strown

His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,
And cast his robe of vernal bloom,
In guardian fondness, o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone ;

But yearly is her grave-turf dressed,
And still the summer vines are thrown,

In annual wreaths, across her breast.
And still the sighing autumn grieves,
And strews the hallowed spot with leaves.

S. G. GOODRICH.

THE SEABIRD'S TALE.

FAR, far o'er the wave is my island throne,
Where the seagull roams and reigns alone ;
Where nought is seen but the beetling rock,
And nothing is heard but the ocean shock,
And the scream of birds when the storm is nigh,
And the crash of the wreck, and the fearful cry
Of drowning men in ' their agony.'

I love to sit, when the waters sleep,
And ponder the depths of the glassy deep,
Till I dream that I float on a corse at sea,
And sing of the feast that is made for me.
I love on the rush of the storm to sail,
And mingle my scream with the hoarser gale.

When the sky is dark, and the billow high,
And the tempest sweeps in terror by,
I love to ride on the maddening blast,
And flap my wing o'er the fated mast,
And sing to the crew a song of fear,
Of the reef and the surge that await them here.

When the storm is done, and the feast is o'er,
I love to sit on the rocky shore,
And tell in the ear of the dying breeze,
The tales that are hushed in the sullen seas—
Of the ship that sank in the reefy surge,
And left her fate to the seabird's dirge—
Of the lover that sailed to meet his bride,
And his story left to the secret tide—
Of the father that went on the trustless main,
And never was met by his child again—
And the hidden things which the waves conceal,
And the seabird's song can alone reveal.

I tell of the ship that hath found a grave—
Her spars still float on the restless wave,
But down in the halls of the sullen deep,
The forms of the brave and the beautiful sleep.

I saw the storm as it gathered fast,
I heard the roar of the coming blast,
I marked the ship in her fearful strife,
As she flew on the tide 'like a thing of life.'
But the whirlwind came—and her masts were wrung
Away, and away on the waters flung;
I sat on the gale o'er the sea-swept deck,
And screamed in delight o'er the coming wreck—
I flew to the reef with a heart of glee,
And wiled the ship to her destiny.
On the hidden rocks like a hawk she rushed,
And the sea through her riven timbers gushed—
On the whirling surge the wreck was flung,

And loud on the gale wild voices rung.
I gazed on the scene—I saw despair
On the pallid brows of a youthful pair ;
The maiden drooped like a gentle flower
That is torn away from its native bower—
Her arms round her lover she wildly twined,
And gazed on the sea with a wildered mind.
He bent o'er the trembler, and sheltered her form
From the splash of the sea and the sweep of the storm
But woe to the lover, and woe to the maid,
Whose hopes on the treacherous Sea are laid,
For he is a king, whose palaces shine
In lustre and light down the pearly brine,
And he loves to gather in glory there,
The choicest things of the earth and air.
In his deep saloons with coral crowned,
Where gems are sparkling above and around,
He gathers his harem of love and grace,
And Beauty he takes to his cold embrace.
The wind and the waves are his messengers true,
And lost is the wanderer whom they pursue—
They sweep the shore, they plunder the wreck,
His stores to heap, and his halls to deck.
Ah ! lady and lover, ye are doomed their prey—
They come ! they come !—ye are swept away !
Ye sink in the tide—but it cannot sever
The fond ones who sleep in its depths for ever !

Oh ! wild was the storm, and loud was its roar,
And strange were the sights that I hovered o'er.

I saw a babe with its mother die,
I listened to catch its parting sigh,
And I laughed to see the black billows play
With the sleeping child in their gambols gay.
I saw a girl whose arms were white
As the foam that danced on the billows' height,
And the ripples toyed with her glossy curls,
And her cheek was kissed by the wanton whirls ;
But her bosom was dead to hope and fear,
For she shuddered not as the shark came near.
I poised my foot on the forehead fair
Of a lovely boy that floated there—
I looked in the eyes of the drowning brave,
As they upward gazed through the fatal wave—
I screamed o'er the bubbles that told of death,
And stooped as the last gave up his breath.
I flapped my wings, for the work was done,
The storm was hushed, and the golden sun
Sent his light abroad o'er the lulling seas—
And I tell my tale to the whispering breeze,
Of the hidden things which the waves conceal,
And the sea-bird's song can alone reveal.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

“FATHER OF LAKES !” thy waters bend
Beyond the eagle’s utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave
Their twilight shade thy borders o’er,
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, ’mid thy hollow caves,
With listening ear, in sadness broods ;
Or startled Echo, o’er thy waves,
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide
The spell of stillness reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o’er each rock and cave,
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
 Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
 To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show
 Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
 Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore
 Have caught a strange and gibbering tone ;
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
 Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu !
 Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds and woods !
Roll on, thou element of blue,
 And fill these awful solitudes !

Thou hast no tale to tell of man—
 God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves—
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
 Deems as a bubble all your waves !

And where, O, where are the unnumbered vows
We made, my sister, at the twilight fall,
A thousand times, and the still starry hours
Of the dew-glistening eve—in many a walk
By the green borders of our native stream,
And in the chequered shade of these old oaks—
The moonlight silvering o'er each mossy trunk,
And every bough, as an Æolian harp,
Full of the solemn chant of the low breeze?
Thou hast forgotten this—and standest here,
Thy hand in mine, and hearest, even now,
The rustling wood, the stir of falling leaves,
And—hark!—the far off murmur of the brook!

Nay, do not weep, my sister!—do not speak—
Now know I, by the tone, and by the eye
Of tenderness, with many tears bedimmed,
Thou hast remembered all. Thou measurest well
The work that is before thee, and the joys
That are behind. Now, be the past forgot—
The youthful love, the hearth-light and the home,
Song, dance, and story, and the vows—the vows
That we change not, and part not unto death—
Yea, all the spirits of departed bliss,
That even now, like spirits of the dead,
Seen dimly in the living mourner's dreams,
And trilling, ever and anon, the notes
Long loved of old—O hear them, heed them not
Press on! for, like the fairies of the tale,
That mocked, unseen, the tempted traveller,
With power alone o'er those who gave them ear,

They would but turn thee from thy high resolve.
Then look not back ! O, triumph in the strength
Of an exalted purpose ! Eagle-like,
Press sunward on. Thou shalt not be alone.
Have but an eye on God, as surely God
Will have an eye on thee—press on ! press on !

THE LAST REQUEST.

BURY me by the Ocean's side—
O give me a grave on the verge of the deep,
Where the noble tide,
When the sea-gales blow, my marble may sweep—
And the glistening surf
Shall burst on my turf,
And bathe my cold bosom, in death as I sleep !

Bury me by the sea,
That the vesper at eve-fall may sing o'er my grave,
Like the hymn of the bee,
Or the hum of the shell in the silent wave !
Or an anthem-roar
Shall be beat on the shore,
By the storm and the surge-like march of the brave !

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Bury me by the deep—
Where a living footstep never may tread—
And come not to weep—
O wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead !
But leave me the dirge
Of the breaking surge,
And the silent tears of the sea on my head !

And grave no Parian praise—
Purple no turf for the heartless tomb—
And burn no holy blaze,
To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom !
For the holier light
Of the star-eyed night,
And the violet morning my rest will illumine :

And honors, more dear
Than of sorrow and love, shall be strewn on my clay
By the young green year,
With its fragrant dews and its crimson array—
O leave me to sleep
On the verge of the deep,
Till the sky and the seas shall have passed away !

JOSEPH H. NICHOLS.

BENNETT'S BRIDGE.*

THOU beautiful, romantic Dell !
 Thy banks of hemlock highlands swell,
 Like huge sea billows, o'er the isles
 Round which the branching river smiles.
 Look up ! how sombre and how vast
 The shadows those dark mountains cast,
 Making noon twilight ; or, look down
 The giddy depths, so steep and brown,
 Where claret waters foam and play
 A tinkling tune, then dance away.

Oft, with my oak-leaf basket green,
 On summer holidays serene,
 Along your hill-sides have I stray'd,
 And, on the ground, all scarlet made,

* This is a wild and picturesque pass of the Housatonic, about twenty miles from its mouth, near the pleasant village of Newtown, Connecticut.

Pick'd in full stems, as low I kneel'd,
Strawberries, rubies of the field,
Coming late home ; or, in the flood,
Cool'd the warm current of my blood ;
While swam the house-dog after me,
With long red tongue lapt out in glee.

'Tis glorious, here, at breaking day,
To watch the orient clouds of gray
Blush crimson, as the yellow sun
Walks up to take his purple throne,
And melts to snowy mists the dew
That kiss'd, all night, each blossom's hue,
Till, like a tumbling ocean spread,
They hide low vale and tall cliff's head,
And many a tree's fantastic form
Looks like some toss'd ship in a storm.

How still the scene ! yet, here war's hum
Once echoed wildly from the drum,
When waved the lily flower's gay bloom
O'er glittering troops with sword and plume,
Who, on the clover meadows round,
Their white tents pitch'd, while music's sound,
From horn and cymbal, play'd some strain
That oft had charm'd the banks of Seine,
And village girls came down to dance,
At evening with the youths of France.

Fair was the hour, secluded Dell !
When last I taught my listening shell

Sweet notes of thee. The bright moon shone,
As, on the shore, I mused alone,
And frosted rocks, and streams, and tree,
With rays that beam'd, like eyes, on me.
A silver robe the mountains hung,
A silver song the waters sung,
And many a pine was heard to quiver,
Along my own blue flowing river.

THE FALLS OF THE HOUSATONIC.

WILD cataract of woods ! how bright
Thy sheet of liquid silver gleams,
Through the green cedars, on my sight,
Like a tall angel's spear in dreams.
And see the snowy wreath of spray,
Meet for a spotless virgin's shroud,
Curl up the clear blue vault away,
To form the future tempest-cloud.

Through mountain shores, with red and gold
Leaves, at this autumn hour, array'd,
Winds the swift river, dark and bold,
O'er rocks in many a white cascade.
Till sweeping past, 'mid froth and surge,
The alder islets strown around,
To where the willows kiss thy verge,
Thou dashest off at one wild bound !

Here, as we gaze—I and my friend,
Two youths with roses on our cheeks,
'Tis sweet, but awful, thus to bend
Over the wonder, as it speaks
Like a young earthquake, and to feel
A nameless grandeur swell the soul
With joy that makes the senses reel
Half-wishing in the flood to roll !

Yes, thou art fair, and fain would I,
Were mine no love, no kindred true,
Alone here live, alone here die,
Were I but worthy too for you,
For oh ! were mortals half so fair
And beautiful as their abodes,
Woman a cherub's face would wear,
And man—the majesty of gods.

Each morning sun a rainbow builds
Of pink, across thy diamond foam,
That every tossing billow gilds
With pearls, to deck its ocean home.
Too soon it fades, unseen by all,
Save the rude woodman of the hill,
Or when for water to the fall,
Trips the glad damsel of the mill.

Methinks, at winter's dazzling night,
Thine were a lovelier scene than now,
For then the very air is white
With the pure stars and purer snow.

And trees, like crystal chandeliers,
In nature's blue cathedral arch,
Light by the moon their gems of tears,
Where, like a queen bride, thou dost march.

And, oft, with a peculiar awe,
Thou com'st the moss-green rocks to lash .
When the soft vernal breezes thaw
The long chain'd river, at one crash
Of thunder, it breaks up and roars,
Till echoing caverns wake from sleep,
As at a mammoth's voice,—and pours
An ice-piled deluge down thy steep.

Fall of the forest ! on a wild
Romantic pilgrimage I come,
To see thy face, for, from a child,
My footsteps ever loved to roam
Places untrod—yet, why hast thou,
In sylvan beauty, roll'd so long,
And not a poet's tongue, ere now,
Has told his lyre thy praise in song.

F. S. ECKHARD.

THE RUINED CITY.

THE days of old, though time has reft
The dazzling splendor which they cast ;
Yet many a remnant still is left
To shadow forth the past.
The warlike deed, the classic page,
The lyric torrent, strong and free,
Are lingering o'er the gloom of age,
Like moonlight on the sea.

A thousand years have roll'd along,
And blasted empires in their pride ;
And witness'd scenes of crime and wrong,
Till men by nations died.
A thousand summer suns have shone
Till earth grew bright beneath their sway,
Since thou, untenanted, and lone,
Wert render'd to decay.

The moss tuft, and the ivy wreath,
For ages clad thy fallen mould,
And gladden'd in the spring's soft breath ;
But they grew wan and old.
Now, desolation hath denied
That even these shall veil thy gloom :
And nature's mantling beauty died
In token of thy doom.

Alas, for the far years, when clad
With the bright vesture of thy prime,
The proud towers made each wanderer glad,
Who hail'd thy sunny clime.
Alas, for the fond hope, and dream,
And all that won thy children's trust,
God cursed—and none may now redeem,
Pale city of the dust !

How the dim visions throng the soul,
When twilight broods upon thy waste ;
The clouds of wo from o'er thee roll,
Thy glory seems replaced.
The stir of life is brightening round,
Thy structures swell upon the eye,
And mirth and revelry resound
In triumph to the sky.

But a stern moral may be read,
By those who view thy lonely gloom :
Oblivion's pall alike is spread
O'er slave, and lordly tomb.
The sad, the gay, the old, and young,
The warrior's strength, and beauty's glow,
Resolved to that from which they sprung,
Compose the dust below

ANONYMOUS.

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

I AM the spirit that dwells in the flower ;
Mine is the exquisite music that flies,
When silence and moonlight reign over each bower,
That blooms in the glory of tropical skies.
I woo the bird with his melody glowing
To leap in the sunshine, and warble its strain,
And mine is the odor, in turn, that bestowing,
The songster is paid for his music again.

There dwells no sorrow where I am abiding ;
Care is a stranger, and troubles us not ;
And the winds, as they pass, when too hastily riding,
I woo, and they tenderly glide o'er the spot.
They pause, and we glow in their rugged embraces,
They drink our warm breath, rich with odor and song,
Then hurry away to their desolate places,
And look for us hourly, and think of us long.

Who of the dull earth that's moving around us,
Would ever imagine, that, nursed in a rose,
At the opening of spring, our destiny found us
A prisoner until the first bud should uncloze ;
Then, as the dawn of light breaks upon us,
Our winglets of silk we unfold to the air,
And leap off in joy to the music that won us,
And made us the tenants of climates so fair !

GEEHALE.

AN INDIAN LAMENT.

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore,
As sweetly and gayly as ever before ;
For he knows to his mate he, at pleasure, can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er our mountains as beamy a light,
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.

The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
Each bird, and each beast, it is blessed in degree :
All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair ;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair ;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes ;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead ;
But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay ;
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss, with disdain, to the storm-beaten shore :
Its charms I no longer obey or invoke ;
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light ;
I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at night ;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves ;
And will take a new Manito—such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

O, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes ;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-colored stain ;
Red—red shall, alone, on my visage remain !
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow ;
By night and by day I will follow the foe ;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows ;—
His blood can, alone, give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin when heaven was black :
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track ;

But I saw, by the light of their blazing fusees,
They were people engendered beyond the big seas :
My wife and my children—O, spare me the tale !—
For who is there left that is kin to GEEHALE !

THE BRIDE.

It hath passed, my daughter ; fare thee well !
Pledged is the faith, inscribed the vow ;
Yet let these gushing tear-drops speak,
Of all thy mother's anguish now ;
And when, on distant, stranger-shores,
Love beams from brighter eyes than mine,
When other hands thy tresses weave,
And other lips are pressed to thine,—

O, then remember her who grieves
With parent-fondness for her child ;
Whose lonely path, of thee bereft,
Is like some desert, lone and wild,
Where erst a simple floweret grew,
Where erst one timid wild bird sung ;
Now lonely, dark and desolate,
No bird nor flower its shades among.

And when thy children climb the knee,
And whisper, “ Mother, mother dear ! ”
O, then the thought of her recall
Thou leavest broken-hearted here ;

And as their sinless offerings rise
To God's own footstool, let them crave
A blessing on her memory,
Who slumbers in the peaceful grave.

When care shall dim thy sunny eye,
And, one by one, the ties are broken
That bind thee to the earth, this kiss
Will linger yet—thy mother's token ;
'Twill speak her changeless love for thee,
Speak what she strives in vain to tell,
The yearning of a parent's heart—
My only child, farewell ! farewell !

MY NATIVE LAND—MY NATIVE PLACE.

My thoughts are in my native land,
My heart is in my native place,
Where willows bend to breezes bland,
And kiss the river's rippling face ;

Where sunny shrubs disperse their scent,
And raise their blossoms high to heaven,
As if in calm acknowledgment
For brilliant hues and virtues given.

My thoughts are with my youthful days,
Where sin and grief were but a name ;
When every field had golden ways,
And pleasure with the daylight came.

I bent the rushes to my feet,
And sought the water's silent flow,
I moved along the thin ice fleet,
Nor thought upon the death below.

I culled the violet in the dell,
Whose wild-rose gave a chequered shade,
And listened to each village bell,
So sweet by answering echo made.

In God's own house, on God's own day,
In neat attire, I bent the knee ;
Pure sense of duty made me pray—
Joy made me join the melody.

Thus Memory, from her treasured urn,
Shakes o'er the mind her spring like rain :
Thus scenes turn up and palely burn,
Like night-lights in the ocean's train.

And still my soul shall these command,
While sorrow writes upon my face ;
My thoughts are on my native land,
My heart is in my native place.

THE TIME TO WEEP.

THERE is a time to laugh,
When Joy may raise his billows like the deep,
And twine with wreaths of flowers the cup we quaff;—
But, O, when is the season not to weep?

Is it when vernal suns
Unfold the silken flower and satin leaf?
Or when the hoar frost nips the fading ones,
That frailer beings may refrain from grief?

Is it when health and bloom
Are painted on the smiling cheek of youth?
Or when disease is training for the tomb
The heart which cherishes its bitter truth?

Look not upon the brow
That shows no furrow from the plough of years;
There is a bend of peace upon it now—
But, O, futurity is full of tears!

The prattling child at play
May charm itself, and dry its tears awhile;
But could its vision reach beyond to-day,
And read its sorrows, think you it would smile?

Destruction has its home,
And Mirth is destined to some favorite spot ;
Disease and all his brothers do not roam ;
But where, O Wretchedness, where art thou not ?

Thou hast thy dark abode
In the lone desert—in the prison's cell ;
And in the gayest scene, where ever flowed
The tide of wine and music, thou dost dwell.

Thou art where friends are torn
And held asunder by reluctant space ;
And meeting friends—O, do they never mourn
When Memory paints thine image on the face ?

Thy inmates of the breast—
All other passions—are but weak and brief ;
Joy, Hope, Pride, Love and Hatred have a rest,
But thou art constant as our breath, O Grief !

Then let the trifler laugh,
And Joy lift his glad billows like the deep,
And twine with wreaths of flowers the cup we quaff
It is far better for the wise to weep.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,—
Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain :—
Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan, helpless left :—
Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,—
Go thou, and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery :—
Go, share thy lot with him.

THE THREE AGES OF LIFE.

OBSERVE what wisdom shines in that decree,
Which, varying life, appoints our ages three,
Youth, manhood, and decline. In these we trace
A rich proportion, and harmonious grace.
Deprived of either, life would charm no more ;
A whirl of passion, or a desert shore.
If all were young, and this a world of boys,
Heavens ! what a scene of trifles, tricks, and toys !
How would each minute of the live-long day,
In wild, obstreperous frolic, waste away !
A world of boys ! defend us from a brood
So wanton, rash, improvident, and rude ;
Truants from duty, and in arts unskilled,
Their minds and manners, like their fields, untilled ;
Their furniture, of gaudy trinkets made,
Sweetmeats their staple article of trade,
No fruit allowed to ripen on the tree,
And not a bird's nest from invasion free.
In public life, there still would meet your sight
The same neglect of duty and of right.
Pray, for example, take a stripling court,
And see which there would triumph, law or sport.
' Adjourn, adjourn,' some beardless judge would say,
' I 'll hear the trial when I 've done my play !'

Or, if the judge sat faithful to the laws,
Hear how the council might defend his cause.
' May 't please your Honor—'tis your turn to stop,
I'll spin my speech, when I have spun my top.'
Meanwhile the jury pluck each other's hair,
The bar toss notes and dockets into air,
The sheriff, ordered to keep silence, cries,
' Oh yes ! oh yes ! when I have caught these flies.'

Such were the revellings of this giddy sphere,
Should youth alone enjoy dominion here.
All glory, mischief—and all business, play—
And life itself a mispent holiday:

Now let us take a soberer view again,
And make this world a world of full-grown men ;
Stiff, square, and formal, dull, morose, and sour,
Contented slaves, yet tyrants when in power ;
The firmest friends, where interest forms the tie,
The bitterest foes, where rival interests vie ;
Skilled to dissemble, and to smile by rule,
In passions raging, while in conduct cool ;
Still, with some deep, remote design in view,
Plodding, yet wanting ardor to pursue ;
Still finding fault with every fretful breath,
Yet hating innovation worse than death ;
In arts unwieldy, but too proud to learn,
In trifles serious, and in frolic stern ;
In love, what glances—at a manor-ground !
What sighs and wishes—for a thousand pound !

But sure the stream of life must sweeter stray,
The nearer to the source its waters play.
Besides, there 's such a raciness in youth,
Such touches too of innocence and truth,
We love the things, how full so e'er they be
Of all their noisy pranks, and frivolous glee.
If they require our tight, experienced rein,
Our grosser vices they in turn restrain.
From youth, the profligate their sins conceal,
And feign that virtue which they cannot feel.
Before his son, what father is profane ?
What parent dares a filial ear to stain ?
Who does not check his conduct and his tongue,
In reverence for the yet untainted young ?
Oh yes ! in tender age, a holy charm
Breathes forth, and half protects itself from harm.
Bereft of youth, and to mid age confined,
The life of life were ravished from mankind.
The same dull round of habits would prevail,
Vice wax inveterate, folly would grow stale,
And this fair scene of active bliss become
A long, dark fit of hypochondriac gloom.

Thus youth's and manhood's fierce extremes contend,
With wholesome clash, each other's faults to mend ;
Waging a kind of elemental strife,
They raise and purify the tone of life ;
The light and shade, that fix its colors true,
The sour and sweet, that give it all its *goût*.

But shall old age escape unnoticed here ?
That sacred era, to reflection dear,
That peaceful shore, where passion dies away,
Like the last wave that ripples o'er the bay ?
Hail, holy Age ! preluding heavenly rest,
Why art thou deemed by erring fools unblest ?
Some dread, some pity, some condemn thy state—
Yet all desire to reach thy lengthened date ;
And of the few so hardly landed there,
How very few thy pressure learn to bear,
And fewer still thy reverend honors wear.
He who has stemmed the force of youthful fire,
And rode the storm of manhood's fierce desire,
He only can deserve, and rightly knows
Thy sheltering strength, thy rapturous repose.
As some old courser, of a generous breed,
Who never yielded to a rival's speed,
Far from the tumults of Olympic strife,
In peaceful pastures loiters out his life,
So the wise veteran ends his race, his toils,
And sweetly his late lingering eve beguiles.
What though the frost of years invest his head ?
What though the furrow mark Time's heavy tread ?
There still remains a sound and vigorous frame,
A decent competence, an honest fame ;
In every neighbour he beholds a friend ;
E'en heedless youth to him in reverence bend,
Whilst duteous sons retard his mild decay,
Or children's children smooth his sloping way,
And lead him to the grave with death-beguiling play.
Thus, as the dear loved race he leaves behind,

Still court his blessing, and that blessing find,
Their tenderness in turn he well repays,
And yields to them the remnant of his days.
For them he frames the laughter-moving joke ;
For them the tale with pristine glee is spoke ;
For them a thousand nameless efforts rise ;
To warn, to teach, to please, he hourly tries,
Nor ever feels himself so truly blest,
As when dispensing comforts to the rest ;
His hands in active duties never tire,
He grafts the scion, points the tendril's spire,
Or prunes the summer bower, or trims the winter fire.
Nor is this all. As sensual joys subside,
Sublimar pleasures are to age allied ;
Then, pensive memory fondly muses o'er
The bliss or woe impressed so long before ;—
The sinking sun thus sheds his mellowest ray
Athwart those scenes it brightened through the day.
Then, too, the soul, as heavenly prospects ope,
Expands and kindles with new beams of hope.
So the same parting orb, low in the west,
Dilates and glows, before it sinks to rest.
Oh ! if old age were cancelled from our lot,
Full soon would man deplore the unhallowed blot ;
Life's busy day would want its tranquil even,
And man must lose his stepping-stone to heaven.

Thus, every age by God to man assigned,
Declares his power, how good, how wise, how kind !
And thus in manhood, youth, and eld, we trace
A sweet proportion, and harmonious grace.

LINES.

A CLOUD lay near the setting sun,
As he smiled in the glowing west,
And his glorious beams, as he slowly sunk,
Fell full on its shining breast ;
And it sent him back again his rays,
And grew brighter, and more bright,
Till it seemed, as its glowing colors changed,
An embodiment of light.
But the sun sunk down at the close of day,
And in rain-drops it wept itself away.

A fair young bride at the altar stood,
And a blush was on her cheek,
And her voice was so low, that the vows she vowed
Seemed scarce from her lips to break.
Yet joy sat on her placid lip,
And in her downcast eye,
For a long, long life of happiness
Before her seemed to lie.
But her lord soon bowed to Death's stern doom,
And she wept herself to her silent tomb.

MEDITATION.

TELL me, ye viewless Spirits of the Air,
Who steal upon the soul with silent wing,
Seeming to wake, as with its breath, a string
That yields deep melody all hidden there,
Tell me if ye are visions from the tomb,
Or dreams awaked by Fancy's wizard call,
Or ministers of ill, released from thrall,
In robes of light, to tempt us to our doom,
Or messengers of peace from regions blest,
On mercy's errand, stooping from above,
Or friends departed, drawn by lingering love
To whisper weal or warning to the breast?
Ye have no voice to answer, but the eye
Doth trace your homeward pathway to the sky!

INFIDELITY.

THOU who scornest truths divine,
Say what joy, what hope is thine?
Is thy soul from sorrow free?
Is this world enough for thee?

No ; for care corrodes thy heart
Art thou willing to depart ?
No ; thy nature bids thee shrink
From the void abyss's brink.
Thou may'st laugh, in broad sunshine ;
Scoff, when sparkles the red wine ;
Thou must tremble, when deep night
Shuts the pageant from thy sight.
Morning comes, and thou blasphemest ;
Yet another day thou deemest
Thine ; but soon its light will wane ;
Then thy warning comes again.
There's a morrow with no night—
Broad and blazing, endless light !
Should its dawn thy dreams o'ertake,
Better thou didst never wake !

TO A CITY PIGEON.

STOOP to my window, thou beautiful dove !
Thy daily visits have touched my love !
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves ?
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet ?

How canst thou bear

This noise of people—this breezeless air ?

Thou alone of the feathered race,
Dost look unscared on the human face ;
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts to be ;

And the ‘gentle dove’

Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird !
Thou’rt named with childhood’s earliest word ;
Thou’rt linked with all that is fresh and wild
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child—

And thy even wings

Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart
Wisely by Him who tamed thy heart—
To stir the love for the bright and fair,
That else were sealed in the crowded air—

I sometimes dream

Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, ever when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves ;
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low, sweet music out—

I hear and see
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee !

TO THE WITCH HAZEL.

MYSTERIOUS plant ! whose golden tresses wave
With a sad beauty in the dying year,
Blooming amid November's frost severe,
Like the pale corpse-light o'er the recent grave !
If shepherds tell us true, thy wand hath power,
With gracious influence, to avert the harm
Of ominous planets, and the fatal charm
Of spirits wandering at the midnight hour ;
And thou canst point where buried treasures lie.
But yet to me, thou art an emblem high
Of patient virtue, to the Christian given,
Unchanged and bright, when all is dark beside ;
Our shield from wild temptations, and our guide
To treasures for the just laid up in heaven.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

GENTLY, dear mother, here
The bridge is broken near thee, and below
The waters with a rapid current flow—

Gently, and do not fear.
Lean on me, mother—plant thy staff before thee,
For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee.

The green leaves, as we pass,
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,
And the low forest grass
Grows green and lovely where the woodpaths wind—
Alas, for thee, dear mother, thou art blind !

And nature is all bright ;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn ;
And evening's dewy light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
Alas, dear mother, for thy clouded eye !

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencilled passing well,

And the swift birds on brilliant pinions flee—
Alas, dear mother, that thou canst not see !

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—
Alas, dear mother, that thou seest them not !

But thou canst hear—and love
May richly on a human tone be poured,
And the slight cadence of a whispered word
A daughter's love may prove ;
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes—thou canst hear—and He,
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven, and earth, and sea !
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,
With but one sense the soul may overflow !

THE JOURNEY OF TRUTH.

ACCURSED be the hour I ventured to roam
From the cool recess of my moss-clad home ;
I will back to my mouldering walls, and hide
These tears of despair and wounded pride.

I sought the enchantress Fashion's hall—
The many were bound in her iron thrall ;
They turned from my simple prayer away,
As I told them how vain and capricious her sway.

A bard I met, with glorious eye,
And song, whose thrilling melody
Won its unchecked way to the human breast ;
A flattering throng around him prest.
I told him how fickle and fleeting the loud
Unmeaning praise of the worthless crowd ;
Of the aching brow, the hollow eye,
The wearing fears, the despondency,
The sleepless night, the vigil late,
The uncertain fame, and the certain hate ;
But the poet frowned, and, turning to me,
' Begone from my sight, stern Truth,' said he ;
' Can you hush the proud and lofty tone
Of my gloomy hope ? Begone ! begone !
Expect from frail woman unchanging smiles,
Or win the bird from the serpent's wiles,

Or lure yon moth from that glittering flame,
Sooner than sully my dream of fame.'

I entered the cell of the plodding sage,
And threw a gleam o'er his mystic page ;
But he closed his pained eyeballs, and said, that I
Could never have seen his new theory.

A fair young maiden, with open brow,
Was listening to her first love's vow ;
I whispered her, that one day she
Would weep her fond credulity ;
That her idol was cold and vain, and would cling
To Ambition's shrine, and the offering
Of her changeless love would forget, and leave
Her youth over cold neglect to grieve.
She said my voice was harsh, and that I
Was governed by hate and by jealousy ;
Her cheek was flushed with indignant pride,
As she clung more firm to her lover's side.

Wherever I went I spread dismay,
Friendship and Feeling I frightened away ;
And Love shook his saucy finger at me,
And declared me his mortal enemy.

I entered the church, and what did I there ?
I drove from the pulpit the minister.
Poor priest ! he turned paler than marble—but I
Could not win to my shrine one votary.

I knocked at the dying man's desolate gate—
Death looked from the window, and begged me to wait ;
For a doctor had entered a moment before,
And seeing me coming, had bolted the door.

I entered his study to wait for him there,
And sat down to read in his easy chair ;
But his books fell to pieces, and during my stay,
Two thirds of his physic had melted away.

I dared not visit the lawyer's den,
For I knew I should never return again ;
The rarest sport 't would have been for him,
To murder, and tear me limb from limb.

But it grieved me more than all, to see
The very children afraid of me ;
The innocent creatures were at their play,
And if I came near them they 'd scamper away.
Good Heavens ! to have seen those urchins run,
You 'd have thought I 'd been the unholy one.
'Twas the height of folly for me to roam,
From the cool recess of my moss-clad home ;
I will back to my stony well, and hide
These tears of despair and wounded pride.

THE STORM.

OUR ship had traversed many a league
Of the unfathomed sea,
And on her homeward way had swept
With steady flight and free ;

Or lure yon moth from that glittering flame,
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These tears of despair and wounded pride.

THE STORM.

OUR ship had traversed many a league
Of the unfathomed sea,
And on her homeward way had swept
With steady flight and free ;

But now a hush was brooding
O'er the waters and the land,
And sluggishly she lay becalmed,
Close off our native strand.

She swung upon the smooth paved sea,
With canvas all unfurled ;
While not a fluttering breath of air,
Her twining pennant curled.
Her snow-white sails flapped wearily
Against the creaking mast,
And stretched their folds in vain to catch
The whispering of the blast.

Three days and nights a hopeless calm,
Thus spread about our way,
And silent as a slumbering child,
The glassy billows lay.
Another morn—the wind rose up
From its foreboding sleep,
And hurled in wrath the giant waves,
Along the foaming deep.

The black and massy clouds bent down,
And darkened all the air,
Save where the severed edges caught
The lightning's blazing glare :
In vain we strove with eager haste,
To reef the swelling sail ;
Our mainmast trembled like a reed,
Before the sudden gale.

The ship drove on, as if the storm
Itself had grasped the helm ;
The surging waves bent o'er the deck,
They strove to overwhelm ;
And on like chaff before the wind,
Our gallant vessel bore—
Until our straining eyes beheld
The dark cliffs of the shore.

She struck—and we—we perished not
Upon the desert sand ;
For there were manly hearts to aid,
Beside that wave-beat strand.
But ere the cloud-pavilioned sun
Had sunk beneath the wave,
Our bark, with all her bravery on,
Had found an ocean grave.

THE BLIND GIRL, TO HER MOTHER.

MOTHER. they say the stars are bright,
And the broad Heavens are blue—
I dream of them by day and night,
And think them all like you.

I cannot touch the distant skies,
The stars ne'er speak to me—
Yet their sweet images arise,
And blend with thoughts of thee.
I know not why, but oft I dream,
Of the far land of bliss;
And when I hear thy voice, I deem,
That Heaven is like to this.
When my sad heart to thine is pressed,
My follies all forgiven,
Sweet pleasure warms my beating breast,
And this I say is Heaven.
O mother, will the God above,
Forgive my faults like thee?
Will he bestow such care and love
On a blind thing like me?
Dear mother, leave me not alone!
Go with me, when I die—
Lead thy blind daughter to the throne,
And stay in yonder sky.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

GENTLY, gently fall sweet sleep
O'er thine eyelids, soft and deep;
Gently as the breath of flowers
In the bright noon's honeyed hours,
Gently as the dews of heaven
On the wild rose at the even.

Thou art pure, immortal one ;
Oh ! be pure till life is done.
We would take thee in thy bloom
From the dim walls of the tomb ;
We would bear thee, blest and fair,
Where thy home and kindred are.

Pray, then—strive to enter in
Through the cold world's woe and sin ;
In each glad and gloomy hour,
In thy weakness, in thy power,
Pray—and we will pray for thee,
Strive—and we will strengthen thee.

Aye, on the land and on the seas,
In the tempest and the breeze,
In the solemn hush of night,
In the loud morn's burst of light,
Strive ! oh strive !—around, above thee,
We will lead and we will love thee.

PHILIP OF MOUNT HOPE.

AWAY ! away ! I will not hear
Of aught but death or vengeance now ;
By the eternal skies, I swear
My knee shall never learn to bow !

I will not hear a word of peace,
Nor grasp in friendly grasp a hand,
Linked to the pale-browed stranger race,
That work the ruin of our land.

Before their coming, we had ranged
Our forests and our uplands free ;
Still let us keep unsold, unchanged,
The heritage of liberty.
As free as roll the chainless streams,
Still let us roam our ancient woods ;
As free as break the morning beams,
That light our mountain solitudes.

Touch not the hand they stretch to you ;
The falsely proffered cup, put by ;
Will you believe a coward true ?
Or taste the poison draught to die ?
Their friendship is a lurking snare,
Their honor but an idle breath ;
Their smile—the smile that traitors wear ;
Their love is hate, their life is death.

Plains which your infant feet have roved,
Broad streams you skimmed in light canoe,
Green woods and glens your fathers loved—
Whom smile they for, if not for you ?
And could your fathers' spirits look
From lands where deathless verdure waves,
Nor curse the craven hearts that brook
To barter for a nation's graves !

Then raise once more the warrior song,
That tells despair and death are nigh ;
Let the loud summons peal along,
Rending the arches of the sky.
And till your last white foe shall kneel,
And in his coward pangs expire—
Sleep—but to dream of brand and steel,
Wake—but to deal in blood and fire !

THE END.



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